JOHN BULL, *April 14, 1923.* *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 853. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

What Mr. Baldwin must Do!

by

Harold Owen

£250 PAINTING COMPETITION

for boys and girls under fourteen. Ask your confectioner for full particulars.

See that name is on each piece of paper in which toffee is wrapped.

One good thing leads to another

WHAT a galaxy of fine things Sir Kreemy Knut has invented for the children! First, Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee in the bright orange tins; then the seaside buckets; next the drums, and now—the pretty tin cottages, which make such fine money-boxes when emptied of toffee!

The cottages, you know, contain a new flavour of toffee, called SHARP'S HOME-MADE SUPER-KREEM. This is the same toffee that Dame Sweet used to make over the fire when Sir Kreemy was quite a little chap. He still loves it—and so will you!

SHARP'S ASSORTED SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE now consists of six varieties: Plain, Home-made, Cocoanut, Chocolate, Coffee, and Almond.

8d. per ¼ lb.

Sold loose by weight, or in 4 lb. decorated tins, also in 1/- & 1/6 tins

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., Kreemy Works, MAIDSTONE.

JOHN BULL offers you a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE!

Send no money!

Every Pen has the "John Bull" clip.

FREE!

The beautifully designed, up-to-the-minute 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil which we offer you FREE, complete with clip, rubber and refills. Every time you slip in a new lead you will wonder how you ever did without such a wonder of convenience below.

SENT ON 3 DAYS' TRIAL.

The new model 15/6 John Bull Leverfill Filling Pen complete with clip. Note the handsomely chased barrel which affords a snug grip as well as a generous ink supply. The screw cap makes leakage impossible. The 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, will give you writing joy for years to come. 2-year written guarantee with every pen.

JOHN BULL'S offer has met with such a tremendous response that the supply of these FREE 2s. 6d. Pencils has now been augmented in order that those who have not yet clipped one of these handsome Pencils on to their pockets may do so now.

This handsome Pencil, with its beautifully silvered barrel, complete with rubber, re-fills and clip, will give you writing joy for years to come. You will never go back to the old-style pencil.

We give you this 2s. 6d. "Ever-pointed" Pencil free in order to introduce our new model "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen (complete with clip). Here at last is a Pen which makes it no longer necessary for you to pay half-a-guinea or more for a really high-class dependable article. We claim it to be the most wonderful Pen in the world at the price (5s. 6d., complete with clip), and so positive are we that you will think so too, that we are willing to let you see and try the pen for three days before making up your mind to buy it. If you are not more than satisfied, send it back, otherwise remit the price. What could be fairer?

Don't miss this amazing bargain! Don't let slip the chance to get this handsome 2s. 6d. Pencil FREE! Send no money but simply sign and forward the coupon to-day.

CUT HERE

Send No Money. Available for 10 days only.

JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me your new model 5/6 John Bull Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/9 (including 3d. for postage and insurance), and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" pencil as a free gift. If, on the other hand, I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application please cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull."

"J.B." 14.4.23. DATE.....

What about YOU?

Could YOU do with £200 in case of fire? Would £5 5s. come in handy if you were sick? Read what "John Bull" gives and then sign the forms below. Owing to the demands on our space it is impossible to publish the hundreds of names of those who benefit each week.

WHAT JOHN BULL GIVES

Fire.

£200—damage by fire.
£200—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£200—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

Home Accidents.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fractured limb.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

Household Benefits.

£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£200—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£200—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£200—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£200—damage by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or house-breakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or £250—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical fees under similar circumstances.
£3 per week for both or £2 per week for either up to 4 weeks for disablement caused by burglars, house-breakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Sickness Benefits.

£5 5s. towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Typhus Fever, Mumps, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Measles, Anthrax, Whooping Cough.

This benefit is only payable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

Cut out this list of benefits and keep for reference as pressure on our space does not permit us to publish it every week.

CUT HERE

J.B. 14.4.23. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

Use 1d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

J.B. 14.4.23. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

£250 Death Claim Paid—See Page 24.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate : 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address : The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Bull manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Woolton's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

20/- capital and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade. How to start, useful hints. Worth Pounds. Post Free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 98, High Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED

FREEMAN'S AGENCY.
ADD TO YOUR WEEKLY EARNINGS
by selling in your spare time
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.
MEN'S & WOMEN'S CLOTHING, DRAPERY.
FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, LINO, CARPETS.
SEWING MACHINES, BABY CARRIAGES.
WRINGERS, BICYCLES, CHINA WARE.
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, etc.
GRAND VALUE
Cash or Easy Terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Thousands of testimonials. Men in regular work, apply to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

£5 PER WEEK EASILY EARNED by becoming a "John Bull" Subscription Representative. No experience or outlay needed.—Write Golden Book and Free Working Outfit, "John Bull," Section 2, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has vacancies for skilled Acetylene Welders, Blacksmiths, Clerks (general and stores accounting), Cooks and Bakers, Drivers (winch and stationary oil engined), Dynamo and Switchboard Attendants, Engine Driver Fitters, Electricians, Fitters (for training as Fitters Driver Petrol), Fitters' Mates, with power station experience, Hospital Orderlies, Painters, Patternmakers, Power Station and Shift Engineers, Shoemakers and Tailors. Ages, ex-Service 18 to 30, Civilians 18 to 28. Pay starts 3/- to 4/- a day. Allowance for wife and children to men 20 and over. Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Ilenrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 42, Church Street, Birmingham, and Dene House, Ellison Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 50), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 142, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (14 words). 50 Papers £7/-. Write for free list. Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 81, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

BARGAIN SALES.

AN easy way to buy a fashionable Suit, Raincoat, Costume, Boots, Watches, etc., is on Masters Credit Terms, from 4/- monthly. Write for illustrations and free patterns.—Masters, Ltd., 65, Hope Stores, Rye.

A POSTCARD to the British Cycle Mfg. Co., Ltd., Raleall Heath Rd., Birmingham, will bring to you our wonderful factory-to-rider offer of an £8 AJAX cycle for £4 19s. 6d. 14 days' approval. Packed free. Carriage paid. Credit terms arranged. Write to-day for No. 2S5 Catalogue.

BILLIARD Table to fit your dining table, also billiard and dining tables; beautiful designs, all sizes, 4 ft., 5 ft., 6 ft., 8 ft. and 9 ft.; cash or easy monthly payments; also full size tables; repairs executed; billiard sundries supplied.—Free lists sent on application to E. J. Riley, Limited, Bartleet Works, Accrington.

PEACH'S CURTAINS. — Spring Catalogue Free. Lace, Net, Casement Curtainings, Muslins, Cretonnes, Blinds, Hosiery, Linens, Lace.—S. PEACH AND SONS, 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

CYCLISTS!—A monster 144-page illustrated Bargain Book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE for a postcard. It offers you 50 per cent. better value in Cycles, 25 per cent. saving on Tyres, and Knock-out prices for Accessories. If you want the rock-bottom, best market, secure this valuable free book without delay.—Write, Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 69, Pudsham, Burnley.

CATESBYS CURTAINS.—Newest designs at lowest prices. Prouts graphically cut to make this offer your best chance for beautiful lace curtains, casement fabrics, and drapery goods. Correct curtains for every window. Catalogue and patterns free if you request No. M.B. (139, Catesbys, Ltd., London, W.1.

20/- SWISS KEYLESS LEVER, Compensative Balance, Dome Nickel Case, dust-proof, guaranteed time-keeper, fitted with solid silver Double Curb Chain; 7 days' trial. Cash refunded if not satisfied.—WHITEHOUSE, 38, George Street, Hull.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 4½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

BEAUTIFUL LEATHER, 20 colours, 9d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for patterns.—Cash, Leather Works, Northampton.

LIVESTOCK.

YOUNG talking parrots and cages from 40/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. Livestock list free.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only. Patterns free. —Harris Tweed Dept., 2, James St., Stornoway.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDEONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Dougan, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

CAN YOU WRITE SONG WORDS?—Delightful melodies composed ready for publication. Piano scores to airs, music criticised, revised, band parts arranged. Clients, Hetty King, Billy Merson, Ella Shields, Ernie Mayne.—London's Famous Composer, Bigby Arms, Otley Road, Brixton.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

SALESMANSHIP, Advertising, Window-dressing, Sales Letter Writing, taught by post. Positions found for Students.—Dept. 20, Pheenix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS and qualify for one of the well-paid advertising appointments through the old-established and powerful Dixon Institute of Advertising.—Write for free scholarship offer, Dept. J.B., Dixon Institute, 199, Oxford Street, W.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.
The School that
TRAINS YOU FOR A POSITION.
Fees from 5 guineas
Call and see the Secretary personally, or write for free illustrated prospectus.
BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.,
6 & 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own Doctor. "Artico" Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Eidyard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 34-36, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Members and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information, of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. BJ), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

NERVOUSNESS, Blushing, remarkable 72-p. book on genuine home cure sent privately, 6d.—H. Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES; highly recommended for athletics, cyclists, etc., 1/6, post free; better qualities, 3/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest prices. Catalogues sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. B.J.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

NEW Life to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Perfectual, Ltd., 57, St Albans.

RHEUMATISM.—"HERVEA" LEAF. Very good for Rheumatism. Made into a beverage like ordinary "tea." Trial supply free, one stamp if you mention paper. Hundreds of testimonials.—N. E. Lee, Colonial Importer, 82, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

DIABETES.—The Safe Remedy is Diacure. Diacure corrects that condition of the body which is responsible for the non-assimilation of the sugars, and thus cures the disease. Try box from your chemist or W. H. Boden, Pendorian Ave., Colwyn Bay, 3/- box, postage 6d.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (J.B.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

TOBACCO.—Grow it yourself. Real leaf seed. Growing instructions, Pkt. 2/3, three 5/6.—"Skipper," 66, Prospect Cres., Whitton, Twickenham.

ARE YOU INVENTIVE?

Before attempting to sell your Invention or Patent, write to us to see what offer we can make you. We will gladly send you full particulars of our work.

Write to—
Dept. 4, THE INVENTORS' SALES AGENCY,
29, Warwick Row, COVENTRY.

Outdoor Dogs

Fine weather brings outdoor rambles and a bigger appetite for your dog. You can satisfy the biggest appetite with Spratt's Dog Cakes. These big, wholesome biscuits are made of finest wheat-meals and stamina-building beef. They are sold in white-cotton bags ... 1/3 - 3½lbs.

SPRATT'S DOG CAKES

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 6d. in stamps or P.O. to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 A.G.), London, W.1.

£17·17·8

That's all you pay to ride it away

fully insured

WHY wait until you have saved up the full price of a Rudge Multi, when you can become the owner of one to-day for a first payment of £17 17s. 8d.

Write now for the Rudge Motor Bicycle Catalogue, which contains particulars, to

Rudge-Whitworth Ltd., Dept. (379), COVENTRY.

a Dept. (379), 230, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1

Agents everywhere.

Rudge

Nerves of Steel

He never makes a false move at his job, because he never makes a false move in his home life. Ask him how it is that he works with nerves of steel, and he'll tell you that he looks after himself. Vi-Cocoa is his drink, because it helps to keep him fit in body and mind. It builds up his muscles, and lays the foundations of his magnificent health. Everyone who works with hands or brain should test its unique health-giving value.

PLANTERS PRODUCTS LTD., DELECTALAND, WATFORD, ENGLAND.

Vc 2412

GRE-SOLVENT THE BEST ELBOW GREASE

You can wash the dishes in two ticks, but ugh! when you come to the pans. Greasy stewpans and dripping tins, milk pans, pudding dishes, burnt perhaps. It's a sickening thought.

But have you tried Gre-Solvent? Gre-Solvent removes the grease even in cold water, leaves the pans clean and bright and makes the irksome job a matter of moments.

Gre-Solvent also cleans aluminium ware, sinks, lino, etc., and is splendid for cleaning the insides of gas ovens.

PERKIN & CO LTD.
Junction Works Leeds.

GRE-SOLVENT
MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

In Tins, 4½d., 8d. and 1/9. From Grocers, Stores, Ironmongers and Garages.

"CERTIFIED" milk is too expensive for most people. Remember that Nestlé's Milk is in Purity and Cleanliness equal to the highest priced "certified" milk sold in bottles.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

Cash Prices 6d. and 11½d. per tin.

Write for the Nestlé Recipe Book—Free on request.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C. 3.

TO THE
DEAF

THOUSANDS of deaf persons are now hearing again by using the DARJEELA EAR-PHONE with the improved Invisible Earpiece Attachment.

Read what they say:

"I heard perfectly in Church yesterday, and am delighted with your instrument."

"My Doctor says your Earphone is the best he has seen."

Why not let us help you also? Try it first.

Send a Postcard for full particulars and trial terms now. Sent free by return of post.

All that is seen of it. D. & J. HILL, Ltd., 311, Darjeela House, 257, Gray's Inn Rd., King's Cross, London. Manchester Branch: 74, 7th Park, E. also Manchester

200 SHAVES

from the same safety blade, in perfect condition all the time, if you use the

MONKEY STROP

Just drop in your blade—GILLETTE or ANY MAKE—a few turns of the handle, and you get a keen, perfect, "barber's" edge on both sides at once. Money back if unsatisfied

REDUCED PRICE. Its Luxe Medal with nickel-plated case **5/6**

From Ironmongers, Cutlers, Cash Chemists, Tobacconists and Hairdressers, or direct from manufrs.

DOUGLAS KIRBY & CO.
(Dept. J. T.), Eastgate House, GLOUCESTER.

Are you troubled by ASTHMA

Is your life a misery owing to attacks of that awful, strangling cough, which torments you day and night? If so, Potter's Asthma Cure is what you want. It gives immediate relief, however great your suffering. A Free Trial of

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is offered to every reader, because we know a practical test is the best argument. It enables you to go about your daily duties in comfort. Wonderful also in bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and other lung troubles. *Best remedy for bronchitis of children.* Free from opiates, and cannot cause headache or bad after-effects. Obtainable of all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/3 or post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 63, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

Smoke Potter's Asthma Cure Cigarettes when out of doors.

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper.

Sign this Form to-day

and post to address above.

Mr/s.... .....

Address.....
JOHN BULL.

What to Take for Disordered Stomach

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. You will relish your meals without fear of trouble to follow. Millions of all ages take them for Biliousness, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Upset Stomach and for Sallow, Pimply, Blotchy Skin. *They end the misery of Constipation.*

Genuine bear signature— *Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price*

5 Safety Razor Blades in a box—hollow ground edges. **FREE for 50 COUPONS**

Black Cat VIRGINIA CIGARETTES 10 for 6d.

Here is another of the 200 FREE GIFTS for "BLACK CAT" SMOKERS

Smoke "Black Cat" cigarettes with a double purpose; firstly because they are the finest value in the world—a value that has remained unchallenged for over twenty years—and secondly because by saving the lucky free gift coupons contained in each packet you can have your choice of over 200 lucky free gifts, including the splendid safety razor blades illustrated here. Cut out the free gift coupon and post to-day.

Post this Coupon NOW

In an open envelope with a half-penny stamp affixed, and Catalogue of gifts, with five free coupons, will be sent by return.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.
(DEPT. 2)
226, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1

P.P.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 866.
Week ending Saturday,
Apr. 14, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

9a, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People—— the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

It Can be Done.

One penny a pint off beer would cost the State £7,000,000. The "defence" of Mesopotamia and Palestine is to cost the taxpayer £7,530,000. The answer is simple.

Wholly Inadequate

It is time the Ministry of Health seriously tackled the scandalous lack of ambulance facilities in London. The greatest city in the world should be above criticism in this respect.

Pull Together!

Labour unrest is threatening to nullify reviving trade and increasing British credit. The choice to-day is co-operation or national bankruptcy.

And About Time Too!

If the Special Committee to inquire into Whitehall salaries does its work thoroughly it will make some astonishing discoveries. We await its report with interest.

Thriving on Failure.

Germany's Budget shows a deficit of seven million million marks—a fantastic figure that means nothing except that her finances are as dishonest as her intentions.

The Mystery Man.

Sir John Simon is the "dark horse" of the Liberal Party. Liberal re-union stands or falls on his word. But what that word will be only Sir John knows.

Callous Officialdom.

Hundreds of unemployed at Folkestone spent a hungry Easter through red-tape delay in getting the necessary authority to pay out the dole. It is a disgraceful piece of bureaucratic indifference.

Keep Them on the Mat.

Sir Basil Zaharoff and M. Venizelos have been in conference, and Lausanne is the object of the intrigue. Their sinister shadows must not be allowed to fall across the coming peace parleys with Turkey.

Cool Heads Needed.

The intervention of the Ministry of Labour in the building trades dispute is a welcome step if all parties adopt a level-headed attitude. A complete stoppage in face of the present house-hunger is unthinkable.

The Best Yet!

The Good Templars condemn wireless in public-houses as a "questionable attraction." Their ideas are as mediæval as their name.

The Slave Trade.

A revival of the slave trade between Northern Africa and Asia is reported. Another sign of the world's drift back to barbarism.

Squint-Eyed "Comradeship."

The N.U.R. is lending £2,000—or 6,000,000 marks—to the German railwaymen. We should have thought there were British railwaymen to whom that money would have been welcome.

The Crowning Horror.

If there is anyone left who still doubts the real nature of Bolshevism the execution of Mgr. Budkiewiez should convince them. The electors of Motherwell are, no doubt, repenting at leisure.

As You Were!

Having at length permitted the importation of Canadian cattle, the Government robs the consumer of the advantage by prohibiting the import of Irish cattle. It is a situation only a politician *could* understand.

The Candid Critic.

Mr. Chas. Trevelyan's salutary warning to the hot-heads of the I.L.P. against substituting Parliamentary anarchy for Government tyranny was much needed. Discipline is the bedfellow of responsibility.

It's Badly Needed.

The Dorset Grand Jury have evidently been reading JOHN BULL, for they have asked for an inquiry into the methods and discipline at Borstal. There was never a more urgently needed investigation.

A Star Turn.

In our next issue we shall publish the first of a series of brilliant articles by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, who for several years contributed to the *Daily Sketch* under the *nom-de-plume* of "The Man in the Street." No living journalist wields a more caustic and enlivening pen.

Our Net Sales

The Net Sales of JOHN BULL which are given hereunder are the largest of any twopenny weekly periodical in the world.

Issue dated	*Mar.*	*3rd,*	*1923*	*691 539*
"	"	*10th*	"	*706,503*
"	"	*17th*	"	*713,377*
"	"	*24th*	"	*749,658*
"	"	*31st*	"	*754,158*

Certified by FRANKLIN, WILD & Co., Orient House, New Broad Street, E.C., and MARWICK MITCHELL & Co., Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, S.W.1.
Chartered Accountants.

Very Good of Them!

The Belgian Labour Party has passed a resolution recognising the right of the Allies to reparations. Such breadth of vision takes our breath away!

Pot and Kettle.

Lord Robert Cecil has gone to America to open a campaign for the League of Nations. There will, no doubt, be some very plain speaking on both sides—which will be all to the good.

Life in the Old Dog!

By carrying off the International Championship at Rugby England has confounded the sporting pessimists. The master can still teach the pupil a trick or two.

First Aid.

A mysterious illness is reported to be increasing on Atlantic liners. Diagnosis suggests that it is due to the U.S. regulation which permits the importation of a quart of liquor on a declaration of medicinal need.

Time Means Money.

Government red tape is still holding up the development of Imperial wireless communication, and meanwhile other countries are going ahead. "Muddle as usual" seems to be the motto of some Ministers.

A Vital Issue.

There is a great deal more behind the farm labourers' strike than the mere question of wages and hours. It is not too much to say that the revival or disappearance of British agriculture hangs on the outcome.

Heaven Forfend!

As the first result of the Labour Party's Land Nationalisation Bill would be to let loose another swarm of officials on the country, we have nothing more to say than is expressed in the heading.

Belated Wisdom.

We hope the release of Zaghloul Pasha indicates a return to sanity in our dealings with Egypt and a substitution of statesmanship for crude militarism. Experience can teach even the politician a lesson.

They Want an Indemnity Too!

German naval officers are demanding the release of Capt. Steinbrinck, a notorious U-boat commander and one of the few war criminals to be brought to book. For sweet cheek it takes the biscuit!

Neither Do We.

The International Chamber of Commerce sees no reason why, if Great Britain's debtors can maintain greater armaments than before the war, they cannot pay their debts. Equally correct is their insistence on a conference to settle the matter once and for all.

A Ghastly Tale.

At Edinburgh the body of Mrs. Rodgers, aged 30, has been found, and alongside her in bed the corpse of her baby of six months. The mother had died in an epileptic fit, and then the baby of starvation. The tragedies of poverty are fathomless.

Humour and Tears.

An Aberdeen man incapacitated during the war by an injury to his foot, in respect of which he drew a pension, was recently compelled to have the afflicted member amputated. The Ministry of Pensions thereupon withdrew his pension on the ground that his disability had passed away! If this is a sample of the Ministry's humour, it is the sort that is closely allied to tears.

Drunk Awheel.

A man named Cutler, of Dartmouth Road, Blackheath, drove his motor cycle while drunk into the rider of a "push bike," knocking him over and damaging his machine, yet all he had to pay was 40s., with suspension of his driving licence until the end of the year. It is time such idiotic sentences were replaced by more severe penalties.

Mead, the Madness Maker.

Conscience must have made an arrant coward of W. S. Mead, once of Sheffield and Gainsborough, or he would not conceal his whereabouts when his cruel treatment of his wife was to be exposed. He caused her to lose her reason, and whilst she was undergoing treatment he formed a liaison with another woman. Happily his wife now has her freedom. The other woman is, we hope, making Mead realise what he has lost.

Who is the Hero?

The driver of a goods train near Huddlestone Junction was warned that another train—out of control—was coming on behind at a speed of 45 miles an hour. By allowing it slowly to gain upon him, until it touched the rear of his own train, he brought them both to a standstill. His action averted a serious accident and the Railway Company should publish his name—and the reward they propose to give him.

All the Difference.

Summoned at Cardiff for driving a motor charabanc at nineteen miles an hour, Howard Wakeham was fined £10 and costs. The same day at Lydney, Eric Raymond Insole, of The Court, Llandaff, was summoned for driving at fifty miles an hour, and the case was dismissed. The former is a poor working-man earning £2 10s. a week; the latter is a wealthy coalowner. That seems to have made all the difference.

Jumper Hanky-Panky.

The North London Jersey Company, 2, Coleridge Street, London, advertise for ladies to knit silk jumpers in spare time. Applicants discover, however, that the promised payment for their work does not materialise, and that they have simply been deluded into paying 19s. 6d. for three hanks of art silk which they could buy locally at less than half the price. It is a mean trick to impose on poor women struggling for existence.

"Ask, and Ye Shall Receive."

Homeless and hungry, Thomas Forsides approached a house in Park Road, Southport, and solicited alms. Unfortunately for him, it turned out to be the residence of the Worshipful Mayor, and in consequence he found himself sentenced to a month's hard labour for begging. If the mayoral front garden were embellished with a notice, "Beggars will be flung into prison," it might save some other poor devil a similar experience.

The Inspector, the Lad, and the Law.

The majesty of the law has been vindicated at Highgate in the case of a lad fined 10s. for leaving a tramcar without having paid a penny fare. An inspector followed and summoned him, instead of asking for the penny, which the conductor had forgotten to do.

Sally Blue-Milk.

Sarah Hitch, a farmer of Brandon, was fined £20 on each of two summonses for supplying adulterated milk. Her defence that a leaky milk-cooler was to blame seems as "thin" as the milk must have been. Good for Sarah, no doubt, but bad for growing infants.

One up for Mitcham.

Philip Elliot, a Mitcham boy, saved £7, bought a pony in order to support his parents, was summoned for working it in an unfit condition and ordered to destroy it. Alderman Holman the magistrate, has now presented him with £30 subscribed by admirers of his grit. A kind act and worthy object.

Let 'em all Resign!

Believing the rubbish preached in his church by the Rev. Bert Colbeck, a Sheffield Missioner, that "billiards are a device of the devil," the Rev. F. Cull, took the silly step of banning the tables in the institute of the St. John's Road Primitive Methodist Church, Scarborough. Life would not be worth living if such ministers had their way, and the fifty members of his church who resigned as a protest did a wise thing.

Poor but Honest.

After reciting to the gallery queue at the Vaudeville theatre, London, an old woman took up her collection and departed only to reappear with a troubled face. "Somebody has given me a half-crown by mistake," she said. It was a girl who made the error, but, touched by the old woman's honesty, she refused to take back the half-crown. If everybody were as honest as that poor soul there would be no profiteers!

Wright, you're Wrong.

The action of Bailie Wright, at Stirling Police Court, in refusing to grant a motor 'bus driver's licence because the applicant wasn't a teetotaler cannot be applauded. The applicant, who said he was always careful not to take drink when on public service, could have obtained his licence if he had first promised "not to touch," but he would not do so and was therefore penalised for being truthful. We think little of the Bailie's prohibition methods!

Danish Lotteries.

We continue to receive inquiries from readers regarding the genuineness of offers of Danish Colonial Lottery Tickets. Such readers must have failed to observe our repeated warnings on the subject, and also the fact that several get-rich-quick merchants have recently been prosecuted and heavily fined for dealing in tickets. Judging by the number of circulars still passing through the post, searching for mugs with money seems to be the sole occupation of a large proportion of the population of Copenhagen.

Making Criminals.

A lad of eighteen, named Sidney Whatmore, was charged at Tipton with making a false representation for the purpose of obtaining unemployment benefit. It transpired that he had worked for one day at a foundry, receiving 1s. 10d., but had been unable to continue as the work was beyond his strength. Despite his youth and other extenuating circumstances, the Bench sent him to prison for a month. We cannot but endorse the exclamation of his distressed mother: "It is such actions which make boys criminals!"

The Way of a Widow.

Even the problem of the way of an eagle is lucidity itself compared with the way some widows manage to exist. A Stamford widow asked to be excused paying poor rate as she had to keep herself and three children on 7s. 6d. a week. Her application was granted. We would now like to hear of something being done to help her.

Poor Little Lambs.

Henry Blyth Rutter, the Lincolnshire farmer, and his shepherd John Bark, allowed four lambs to suffer cruelty. The bones of one were sticking through its flesh. Another, in a similar deplorable condition, was trussed up. The animals were in such a state that they could not eat. The magistrate at Spilsby fined each of the hard-hearted couple. Such leniency will never curb such brutes.

Keeping Bad Boys Bad.

St. John's Church, Welburn, near Castle Howard, being without choristers Colonel Johnstone, of the Castle Howard Farm School, offered to provide a surpliced choir from that reformatory. The parochial council accepted the offer, but stipulated that in the event of a choir being formed the reformatory boys must be withdrawn to the transepts near the chancel. So that they may see themselves as these narrow christians see them, we suppose.

Bride's Black Eye.

Six weeks ago Joseph Harding took unto himself a wife. Summoned for persistent cruelty to her he said she seemed to regret their marriage on the very day it took place. We are not surprised at this seeing that on that day he hit her. In fact she had a black eye when giving evidence. Harding is a prominent figure in the Westtown district of Dewsbury. In that case he should be easily shunned, though he was merely ordered to pay £1 a week maintenance.

A Job for "Jack Canuck."

We hear of a number of cases of pitiful distress among deserted wives of Canadian soldiers. In one instance, the woman was obliged to prosecute her too warlike spouse for assault, and the Military Authorities promptly shipped him back to Canada, leaving her penniless. That was in 1918, and all her efforts since to secure maintenance from her husband have failed, for the powers that be at Ottawa refuse to act. Perhaps *Jack Canuck*, our sprightly relative over the water, can stir them to a sense of duty.

Shun Stanbridges.

£13 proved to be an unlucky amount for a Dundee sportsman to win, he having placed his commissions with Stanbridges, 28, Duke Street, Piccadilly, London, W.; who failed to pay. The default was reported to the Turf Guardian Society, who replied that many other complaints had been made concerning the firm named, and that their fee of a guinea for taking up a case against a non-member would in all probability only increase the backer's loss by that amount. Wherefore we say, "Shun Stanbridges!"

Agent or Fee-Snatcher?

"How to purchase a business by easy instalments" is an advertisement which naturally attracts many applicants. They receive a circular letter from one H. Fields, of 11, Kottingham Avenue, Beverley Road, Hull, who says he has prepared a booklet which explains his scheme in detail, for which he is compelled to charge 5s. "to prove that you are a bona-fide enquirer." Applicants would be equally justified in demanding 5s. from Mr. Fields to prove that he is a bona-fide agent and not a fee-snatcher.

Pillar Box Pride

The 12,000 pillar-boxes throughout the country will not be used for advertisements, states the Postmaster-General, which seems rather a pity. Any revenue which might be secured in this way would be warmly welcomed by the overburdened taxpayers.

Senseless.

To an ex-Serviceman without pension or dole who applied for relief, the Colchester Guardians granted the magnificent sum of 7s. 6d. a week, and when he pleaded that it was insufficient for him to keep himself and his wife on, invited the couple to "go inside." We wonder how much it would have cost them if he had accepted.

Buried Alive?

The Shoreditch Coroner, Dr. Edwin Smith, complained that a certain doctor issued a death certificate for a child who died shortly after birth, without seeing the body. He pointed out that under the present lax rules, premature burials, insurance frauds and other things might occur. Agreed, but doubtless a calamity will have to come, before the cure is enforced.

"Ware Wireless."

T. O. Buss, of 77, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C., has satisfied us that the reader's complaint to which we referred last week was due to some postal irregularity, and not to any neglect on his part, as the goods were despatched immediately the order was received. This is entirely satisfactory, and we feel sure that confidence may be reposed in this long-established firm.

Brave, South Africa!

For a criminal assault upon a white woman three natives have just been sentenced to death by Judge Russell, at Buluwayo. We so often have to deplore the leniency of Magistrates towards the defilers of girlhood that it is refreshing to find that there are still some parts of the British Empire where a woman's honour is held to be sacred, and those who outrage it are punished with the utmost rigour allowed by the law.

Fools's Footing.

One would like to know what sane purpose is served by setting-up these long-hour dancing records. Of Mr. Goodman, father of the 17-year-old girl who made a record at Birmingham, it is stated he promised his daughter a two-seater motor-car if she danced for 24 hours, which she did, and was only stopped by a doctor. He ought to have had more sense. The strain might have seriously affected his daughter's health.

An Old Idea.

"The Idea Trading Company," 61, Charles Street, Oxford Road, Manchester, cheerfully commence a circular with the assurance "It is better to be born lucky than rich," and inform the recipient that she has been selected for an award of £5 in cash, or goods, or "valuable ideas" to that amount. The first condition is the remittance of 5s. 6d. for a bargain parcel. We should have thought they could have evolved a better idea than this old ramp.

An Unnecessary Hardship.

Desiring to go to Canada, a woman reader filled in the form handed to her at the Canadian Government Offices and was medically examined by a woman doctor, who certified her to be perfectly healthy. To her astonishment, the officials refused to accept this certificate, insisting that she should be examined by a male doctor nominated by them. To refuse permission to a woman to travel to Canada simply because she objects to submitting her body to a man for examination seems an unnecessary hardship.

Slaughter of the Innocents.

Rarely, if ever, has any district had the humiliation of disclosing such a distressing record as that of the Massey Square area of Burslem. Within it, only one in every two babies born survives. Such a "slaughter of the innocents" is worse than criminal. Burslem must take action or be branded.

Merciful Mayor of Grimsby.

When John Lindstrom was before the Grimsby magistrates, and remanded, he complained that he had toothache badly. The police had no funds out of which to pay the dentist's fee for the very poor chap. The Mayor said that toothache was unpleasant enough when a man was at liberty, and it must be a pretty miserable companion in jail. He offered to pay the fee to relieve John of his molar. A very kindly act.

Fee-Snatching Shylocks.

Not for the first time we have received complaints regarding the methods of a moneylender named Levinson, of 49, Grainger Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who advertises "No fees," but assures would-be borrowers that the business will be carried through provided they send 7s. 6d. to defray expenses, and, having received this sum, declines to lend the money without further security. The same methods are adopted by B. Simpson, Ltd., 49½, Grainger Street, the only difference being that he demands 8s. 6d. instead of 7s. 6d. Shun the Shylocks.

WHOLESOME CHARACTERS.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

RECENTLY I have been in a home whose principal inmate is a moral tonic to all who know him.

He never talks about himself and never preaches, yet somehow everyone feels brighter, stronger, more hopeful for being in his company.

I do not suppose he knows this; certainly he would laugh at the idea of claiming credit for it; but he and such as he are among the greatest helpers of their kind.

It so happens that I possess some acquaintance with this man's life history.

He has had to make his own way and carry others on his back while doing it.

He has had his share of bad luck and plenty of excuse for rancour, but he has wasted no time in bewailing the hardness of his lot or the delinquencies of those who subjected him to it.

He has carried on cheerfully, found the world full of interest, and made friends by the way.

Contrast this kind of character with the dismal persons who are always blaming others for their misfortunes, or with the flippant pleasure-seekers whose gaiety masks a cold and selfish heart.

There is a wholesomeness about unparaded efficiency, conjoined to a smiling outlook on life, which of itself can do much to keep human intercourse healthy and sound.

Can it be cultivated?

Without doubt; and it pays its possessor a rich dividend in the respect and affection of his fellows, not to speak of his own serenity of spirit and capacity for joy.

Self-reliance, independence, indomitableness are not enough, taken by themselves.

They need the added touch of comradeship, of human sympathy, of unselfish interest in one's neighbour.

To be able to stand alone while keeping closely in touch with the humanity around us is the great secret of helpfulness.

It is worth learning, and once learned is never lost.

Ministerial Brutality.

An ex-soldier, Herbert George Clarke, and his family were ejected from their house, in Caterham, which was required for Air Force officers' quarters. The furniture was thrown into the roadway where it became saturated with rain. Clarke, who was ill at the time, has just died, and his family are in the Bletchingley Workhouse. The Air Ministry ought to be ashamed of itself.

Guards or Blackguards?

Two old soldiers encouraging a young comrade to drink himself into such a riotous state of intoxication that he wrecks the bar and had finally to be carried out is not the sort of thing that is likely to increase the prestige of the British Army in Constantinople. This happened on March 28th in the Albion Bar, and all three men concerned belonged to the 3rd Battalion the Coldstream Guards! A fine example, forsooth!

Fanatics or Fiends?

Close on sixty tombstones or crosses hurled down, thirty-two being broken by the fall, was the result of the work of unknown miscreants possessed by some demon of destruction who visited the City Cemetery, at Belfast, after nightfall on Good Friday. After this, the less we hear of the troubles in Ireland having a religious origin the better. Such is the work of fiends rather than of fanatics.

Home Office Injustice.

The case of Ernest Taylor, whose fruitless efforts to obtain compensation from the Home Office for the terrible injuries he received while serving as a prison warder we referred to recently under the heading "Driving a Man Mad," has been brought to the personal notice of Mr. Bridgeman, who "regrets that he can do nothing in the matter, there being no funds available for dealing with such cases." Stuff and nonsense! What about that £100,000,000 surplus?

They're Taking Notice.

That the authorities are beginning to sit up and take notice of our repeated criticisms of the leniency shown by Magistrates in cases of cruelty to animals is forthcoming from Blackwood (Mon.). When Dennis Locke, a collier, was summoned for so kicking a neighbour's dog that it was only able to move with difficulty, it "was decided to make an example of him." The Bench imposed a fine of £5, which to our mind is not so heavy as it might have been.

Not Good Enough.

The Consolidated Industry, 9, Colebrook Row, Islington, London, N., advertised incandescent oil lamp burners at 16s., which they were prepared to send on a seven days' trial. Many readers complained that they received nothing but an acknowledgment of their money, and the excuse put forward is that the goods have to be imported and that orders are dealt with in rotation. We regard this explanation as so unsatisfactory that we have refused to accept further advertisements from the firm.

Diagnosis by Income.

A reader who wrote six months ago to two similar concerns, "The Electrological Institute," 56, Ludgate Hill, E.C., and "The British Electric Institute," 25, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., regarding treatment for nervous prostration, filled in the diagnosis forms which both sent him, and received from both offers of electric belts at about £26, much more than he could afford, both giving him to understand that anything else would be useless. Now both are urging him to buy belts for £1. It looks as though they diagnosed cases from Income Tax forms.

APACHE DENS IN LONDON

Low-class establishments maintained solely as dens of drunkenness and iniquity and denounced by law-abiding publicans themselves are flourishing in the West-End

THE drinking haunts of the West End, always a festering sore in the life of London, were never carried on with greater audacity or more scandalous indifference to decency than is the case at the present time.

Scenes of sickening depravity are enacted in these dreadful dens of iniquity. Young women of the lowest moral standard and the grossest manners are to be found there night after night, consorting with crooks, swell-mobsmen, "flash" jewel-thieves, racing sharks, confidence-trick men, all the sweepings of the underworld of crime.

They can get as much liquor as they want, as though such things as regulations governing the sale of drink were unknown. They are not unknown in this Alsatia; they are simply and impudently ignored.

Out of this illegal traffic some people, generally greasy and unpleasant foreigners, are making a great deal of money by selling infamous drink at exacting prices. The fortunes they make are too often built on the ruin of quite respectable but unwary people who are lured into these secret resorts by dubious acquaintances.

One of these places is situated in Greek Street, Soho, W. It is run by a low-class foreigner, rough in his manners, brutal in his language, and entirely non-moral in his conduct. Prostitutes bring their victims to this lair and rob them to the grinning accompaniment of the vultures and sharpers who gather to see the fun.

Quarrels are constantly occurring there. Women, doped with drink and, in some cases, drugs, often awaken from their stupor and attack with fists and nails and teeth the scoundrels who have been responsible for their downfall.

The procedure for getting into this place is simple if unpleasant. You go up to the house after hours, when the respectable publicans have closed their law-abiding establishments, and although the police may be patrolling the street, you simply rap lightly three times on the door. A tousled head appears at the window above you; a gruff voice orders you roughly away. Then you are told to wait a moment. There is an unlocking and unbarring of bolts; a drunken client or two are roughly ejected; you are almost seized by the back of the neck and dragged inside.

There are no fees, no formalities, no pretence of legality. You simply get in, and pay for bad drink in bad company. The other night a young girl who was stupefied in this place was throwing her money about there like a fool, buying drinks she was too drunk to consume. But she was allowed to pay for them. That is the inalienable privilege of visitors to dens of this kind.

Another scandalous place is situated in the heart of theatreland, not far from Piccadilly Circus. Here the formality of membership is required. You have to be introduced, and pay an entrance fee. As the amount of this membership fee is only a few shillings a year, this formality is obviously an evasion of the law.

Inside there is a brilliantly lighted room, with a piano which is usually yielding dreadful music to the spasmodic punching of a half-drunken performer. Nobody pays any attention to it. The serious business of the night is hard-and-fast drinking. All sorts of people are there—young men about town in evening clothes, crooks, prostitutes and all manner of evil-doers. Sometimes a white and ghastly looking young fellow is hustled out of the place pitifully complaining that he has lost his wallet. One green young gentleman who had this experience was rather vociferous in his complaint. He was taken to the lavatory and punched into a less aggressive frame of mind.

Many more of these deplorable places exist. The police must know of their existence, for sometimes hundreds of clients assemble and crowd into these dreadful dens. It is unfair to respectable publicans that this blatant defiance of the law should be permitted, as well as a disgrace to the reputation of the Empire's capital.

HARD-HEARTED HOSPITALS

Is it either just or humane for hospitals to refuse admittance to patients in urgent need of surgical attention, because they are not able to pay fees demanded? We believe it is not, and hope this article will end such procedure.

OUR hospitals, in many cases, have great difficulty in providing accommodation for patients. Complaints come from all parts of the country, and although beds are generally found for paying patients, much hardship is inflicted on the poor. We are sure that the authorities, who accept voluntary contributions from the public, would make a special effort if they realised the extent of the suffering.

To take a case by way of example, that of Mrs. Jones, of 186, Milkwood Road, S.E. Her husband is a poor man with a family to keep. She was sent to King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E., by Doctor Kenneth McFadyean, of 76, Herne Hill, S.E., as she was suffering from a dangerous abscess in the ear which it was feared would prove fatal unless operated upon immediately.

In this predicament she went straight to the hospital, where instead of being immediately operated upon she was told to return the next day. Then she was told that she could only be admitted if she paid six guineas a week. The poor husband of this agonised woman was unable to pay, but the hospital authorities were adamant, and refused admission until Doctor McFadyean himself generously came to the rescue and undertook to be responsible for the bill.

If this case stood alone it would call for explanation, but it does not.

. . . .

A more recent example of treatment which involved serious risk to the life of a patient is that of a girl who was sent by her doctor to King's College Hospital, suffering from acute appendicitis.

She was charged one shilling for examination, and her mother was informed that she would have to pay a fee of six guineas. The poor mother unable to pay this, took her daughter—who was suffering excruciating pain—to Lambeth Infirmary, where she was operated upon the same night, thus saving her life.

Another case is that of a child suffering from acute rheumatic tonsilitis. She was refused admission to King's College Hospital, and, after some delay, was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, where she was immediately admitted, and operated upon. She had to stay a long time in this hospital, and the doctors are of the opinion that if the operation had taken place when it was first recommended by the girl's own doctor, the patient's illness would not have been so long or so dangerous.

. . . .

Less than a month ago the granddaughter of a cook employed in Herne Hill was sent to King's College Hospital suffering from adenoids, which she had been recommended to have immediately removed. The parent was informed that there would be a fee of six guineas for the operation. It was quite impossible to pay this, but through the intervention of an employer arrangements are being made for her to be admitted to another hospital.

. . . .

Do the Governors approve of the policy of charging fees to very poor people, and thus coming into competition, in an institution supported by voluntary contributions, with physicians and surgeons practising without any subsidy from anybody?

Many other cases of this kind have occurred, and have caused a feeling of grave uneasiness in the district.

We quite understand the difficulty in which most hospitals find themselves placed, owing to the falling off of public subscriptions. But it is unjust to penalise the poor by excluding them in this way from the advantages offered by the hospital.

The people who are turned away have to go to institutions like Guy's Hospital, and St. Thomas's Hospital. But in taking them they are giving up to them beds which are needed by patients nearer home.

We hope that the authorities will overhaul the procedure which led to these complaints.

MAJOR TRYON AND HIS CRIPPLES: Pensions Economy—But at What a Cost!

FROM the detailed Civil Service Estimates just published we find that the decrease in the total expenditure of the Ministry of Pensions for the coming financial year is placed at £16,335,754. Of this sum, the amount saved on pensions, gratuities and allowances to non-commissioned officers and men is £11,705,043.

Asked to make a statement with regard to this, Major Tryon said: "Exhaustive efforts to economise have been made by the Ministry, and no hardships have been inflicted."

We tell Major Tryon plainly that if he believes this to be true, as we must suppose he does, he has been grossly misinformed by his officials.

That exhaustive efforts to economise have been made by the Ministry we can well believe, but much of the economy which has been effected has been at the cost of untold suffering and intolerable injustice.

Day by day, through the post and from personal callers, we have accumulated evidence of the mean spirit which animates the Ministry.

As we write, one of these suppliants has dragged himself slowly and painfully into our office, supported by a stick and leaning heavily on the arm of a sympathetic comrade minus an eye, who has helped him here.

He must have been a magnificent specimen of manhood before he was disabled, but now he is a pitiable wreck of humanity.

He is Edward Reed, late of the Royal Engineers, now living at 83, Queen's Head Road, Essex Road, Islington. He enlisted in 1914, and was discharged in October, 1916, following upon terrible injuries received through being thrown from his horse. He sustained severe concussion of the brain and an injury to the spine which has left him almost completely paralysed.

He was at first awarded a 50 per cent. disability pension, which was shortly afterwards increased to 100 per cent., at that time 27s. 6d. a week. In November, 1920, his disability was again assessed at 100 per cent., which was then £2 a week. Six months later it was reduced to 80 per cent., and after a further six months to 20 per cent., 8s. a week. Against this last decision he appealed and his pension was restored to 30 per cent., 12s. a week, as from Nov., 1922.

For the last two years he has been attending the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases as an out-patient on instructions from the Ministry of Pensions, but has received no treatment allowance. Now he has been notified that if he desires further treatment he must attend the hospital as a civilian, the Ministry accepting no responsibility.

He is as totally disabled as any man we have ever seen, yet his pension is reduced to a miserable pittance, and he is even denied treatment at the expense of the Ministry.

We could multiply such instances by scores, and yet Major Tryon asserts that no hardships have been inflicted!

King of Depravity Arrives

THE impudence of Aleister Crowley whose hideous malpractices we have recently exposed knows no bounds. In spite of the fact that we left no room for doubt as to his real character and urged the police to take action against him he has had the audacity to return to London where he is at present. Here is a chance for the authorities to end his licentious career without having to go through the arduous and tiresome procedure of securing his extradition from Sicily.

ALEISTER CROWLEY, the monster of depravity, whose secret orgies and malpractices in his rock-bound Abbey of Cefalu, Sicily, we have exposed in our columns, has excelled himself in a feat of cynical audacity. We have called for his extradition from Sicily so that he might be put on trial in this country. With impudent indifference to police vigilance, and to the indignation of the public, he has recently come secretly to England, like a thief in the night, and is at present walking about the streets of London.

A month before he came he sent in advance a notorious woman who acts as an agent for him, and whose business is to find suitable victims for the "Master"—young people with artistic and erotic temperaments, and a substantial supply of money. This woman met Crowley on his arrival in London last week, and has been about with him since.

In spite of his air of bravado, he is feeling very nervous about the position. Since the brilliant young Oxford man, Loveday, died in the den of infamy at Cefalu, the undergraduates of Oxford have been on their guard. Some of them recently held a meeting and decided to send a deputation to Sicily, so that they might find out for themselves what had become of one of their associates—whose name we hold—who is missing, and who was known to have gone suddenly to Sicily.

Mr. G. A. Edinger, of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, who called at our offices on behalf of this deputation, informed us that in his party were the sons of some of the best-known people in this country.

He also stated that Scotland Yard had been approached, and that from what he knew, he believed that it was the intention of the authorities to do all they could to prevent Crowley from ever again entering this country.

Crowley is here, nevertheless. Unabashed, he is still endeavouring to find victims at the Universities. We earnestly warn young people who may be brought in contact with him to be on their guard. We extend the same warning to the artistic colony in Chelsea, where he is also seeking recruits.

• • • •

Owing to JOHN BULL's discovery of his secret visit, it is probable that his game will be spoiled, and that he will immediately retreat to his Sicilian home. His reception this time, again owing to our exposures, has lacked the enthusiasm his acquaintances showed for him on the last occasion. That was in the autumn, when he gave a lecture on "Free Love," at a house in Cleveland Gardens, Bayswater, W., the home of a person who describes herself as a woman of title. Crowley slept in this house, and spent some nights at a Turkish Bath.

This woman, who is well known in artistic circles, has a young daughter—who has acted as a model for a world-famous sculptor—and the quality of her maternal instincts may be judged from the fact that she allowed her to be brought in contact with so great a monster of insidious depravity as this degenerate and worn-out debauchee, Aleister Crowley.

At Crowley's "lecture," in Cleveland Gardens, a large number of well-known people in the artistic world were present by invitation. Some of them were most indignant at what he did and said, and have given a wide berth since to the people concerned.

Crowley, dressed in a short kilt, walked up and down on a raised platform in the drawing-room, murmuring mystic balderdash about "Free Love," explaining how the natural element in conjugal affection was superfluous in those who had been educated to enjoy the beauties of physical form and allurement, which are irrespective of sex and particularly resplendent in the young.

Crowley explained also how the emotions could be heightened by the taking of drugs in a way that did no bodily harm to the takers.

One of those present was Mr. J. Melini, the well-known interpreter, of Regent's Park, N.W. He was horrified by the whole atmosphere of this seance, and, learning that the hostess contemplated paying a visit to Sicily, he, and another man, one of the best-known figures in the Art world, succeeded—through her daughter—in dissuading her from going.

It was on the occasion of Crowley's last visit that he met and persuaded young Loveday to go out to Sicily. They used to call occasionally at a restaurant in Soho, where Crowley was almost worshipped by foolish and impressionable young people who were among the frequenters of this place.

Amongst the worshippers was Loveday, who was hopelessly infatuated by this plausible humbug and mystic. He spoke of him as though he were divine, and declared that there was no such fascinating personality in the world. Mr. Melini, who had known Crowley for years in both America and France, tried to open the eyes of Loveday as to the true and abominable character of Crowley. Loveday became very violent, and threatened Mr. Melini with assault for having dared to attack the character of "The Master."

Mr. Melini warned him that if he went, he would either be back in England, broken and disillusioned, in a month—*or that he would be dead.* The poor lad was actually dead within the month, probably from an overdose of drugs.

• • • •

Tragedies have always accompanied Crowley in his activities, which have extended to many capitals of the world. In New York he pursued his usual course of associating with young men from the Universities, and financed himself on the money of women who fell victims to his mysterious fascination.

Not long ago in Paris he met a gentleman friend from London to whom he explained he was feeling "queer," and wanted close and intimate sympathy. The friend, who knew his man, declined to go home with him. Crowley spent one evening with a young and handsome boy, whom he took round to the lowest cabarets and night resorts of Paris. When he was satiated with vicious enjoyments, he discarded the lad after thanking him for the sympathetic comfort his company had given him.

While he was living in his London "Temple," he devoted his time to orgies which are his speciality. It was frequented by several young women who were expert at the business of getting money from men, and who poured this money into the lap of their god, as a willing sacrifice to Crowley, the "Master."

He has apparently never any difficulty in obtaining financial assistance from women of this class. There is a little colony of them at Palermo, in Sicily, whose pleasure it is to do whatever Crowley orders them. Sometimes it is to take part in the orgies at the Temple, and to prepare and administer the drugs for the feeble-minded boys who have been lured to that place of horror. Sometimes it is to go into the town, and return with the financial resources which are the wages of their sin.

It is only under the influence of drugs that young men of decent feeling, no matter how much infatuated, could stand the terrible things staged for them under the direction of "The Beast." Little boys and girls are brought into these orgies and taught to indulge in shameless revels to stimulate the jaded appetites of the onlookers.

• • • •

Crowley does not always meet with success in his overtures. Another well-known artist, whose name we hold, has recently been pestered with a series of letters from Crowley begging him to go to Sicily. He, however, is one of those whose eyes have been opened, and nothing would induce him to go, or to have anything further to do with this appalling person.

We believe that the purpose of Crowley's visit to London this time, which he had hoped to keep secret, but which we now expose, was to go to Oxford and Cambridge to get in touch with likely young men whom he could seduce into visiting him at his Sicilian Temple and so-called Abbey. He is himself now an exhausted and debilitated figure, reduced to the contemplation of vices in which he can no longer actively participate.

That does not make him any less dangerous. The police now know that he is in this country. They know his many aliases. They know his record and practices. They know his aims and objects. It is their duty to see that he is circumvented.

The most dangerous man in the world of depravity must not be allowed a free hand in the machinations of evil.

GIGANTIC HOUSING SCANDAL

£354,894 Paid for Nothing

AT the beginning of 1920, a deputation was sent from Liverpool Corporation to the Ideal Home Exhibition then being held in London. At Olympia they appear to have been beguiled by the directors of the Economic Building Corporation, Ltd.

The outcome of this little excursion to London was that the Liverpool Corporation entered into a contract with the company for the erection of 2,000 houses at a cost of nearly £2,000,000, and then discovered that the paid-up capital of the concern was only £3,000!

In view of their lack of working capital for such a huge undertaking—even their security deposit of £10,000 had to be paid by someone else—the company were allowed to draw immediate payment for work done up to 90 per cent. until the amount of the deposit was reached, and thereafter a system of "interim certificates" was adopted. Even so the company were unable to continue the work, and the Corporation had to enter into a fresh contract.

An inquiry was instituted and it has now been ascertained that the Economic Building Corporation, for such work as they did up to December 10th, 1921, were overpaid to the extent of £354,894!

The Commissioner's Report states:

"That the main responsibility. . . rests upon the chairman of the Housing Committee (Mr. J. L. Rankin), inasmuch as he was aware of the Economic's financial position."

At an early stage of the inquiry Mr. Rankin declared he would take the responsibility of being surcharged for the amount overpaid.

We look to see whether he will be called upon to make good his words.

"Doctors" Who Ruin Women

BEHIND the outward semblance of gaudiness and gaiety of London night life there takes place a disreputable traffic in abortion. Bogus doctors, ex-pugilists and criminals make a livelihood by preying on the frantic anxiety of girls to get out of their trouble. The police do not have to look far for proof of our statements. This dreadful traffic must be stopped.

WHY do not the police take some effective steps to round up the pests of society who make a living by performing illegal operations on women who have got into trouble?

This horrible trade has been carried on for many years, and in spite of the fact that there is a very heavy penalty on conviction, a number of shady medical men are making large sums of money by secret malpractices of this kind.

One of them is a physician practising in the West End of London, with many women clients drawn from all classes. His fee is something like fifty guineas as a minimum, and in some cases he has charged and received as much as £200.

He says that he only does secretly what many distinguished surgeons do quite openly. That may be. This is what happens. A rich woman goes to an eminent surgeon, tells him that she is about to become a mother, and in order to avoid the trouble involved she desires an illegal operation. He points out that he would have to go to jail if he acceded to her request.

When she is going away crestfallen, and having been told plainly that she has insulted a distinguished member of the medical faculty, he tells her that if she will come to him again, with a letter from her own doctor, stating that in his opinion she is not strong enough for childbirth, he can then perform the operation quite legally, but for a very stiff fee.

* * *

There are many women who boast among their friends that they have had illegal operations performed upon them several times. Women of the streets are also good clients of the shady medical men who extort big sums of money for their services.

A coloured "doctor," practising in the Paddington district, is a notorious offender in this respect.

Another medical man, who resides in a South Coast watering place, has made a large fortune by performing these operations, while another has retired and is living in the country, though he is always willing, for a big fee, to come back to town to undertake another case.

But a much worse state of affairs is the intrusion of the amateur into this dirty business. The shady medical men at least perform the operation with professional skill, and it is rarely that one of their cases goes wrong. The amateurs are murderous bunglers, and to their greed many a poor woman has sacrificed her life.

In nine cases out of ten one hears nothing but whispers of these practices, but occasionally a disaster occurs, and the whole story is dragged to light.

Take the case of Daisy Rose Smith, the young school teacher who died the other day in a nursing home at Hammersmith, after giving birth to a still-born child. This poor girl was victimised by a man called Frank Martin Gould, a motor engineer, of Eyots Road, Hammersmith, who was responsible for her condition. He took her to Olive Beaumont, of Addison Road, Chiswick, who performed upon her the illegal operation which resulted in her death.

Mrs. Beaumont got seven years' penal servitude. Frank Martin Gould got off. Why? According to his own evidence this man, who appears to be a professional seducer of women, had taken no less than three other girls, for whose condition he was responsible, to Olive Beaumont. It was her record in this respect which got her so severely sentenced.

* * *

Nothing was done to the man Gould. He had committed no crime, from the legal point of view, but only crimes against morality and decency.

He is entirely unscrupulous. We have since found that he induced a man named R. Cunningham Strachan, of Cambridge Road, Hammersmith, who is a bogus doctor, to sign a certificate in connection with Daisy Smith's condition, for which the bogus doctor was fined recently at West London Police Court.

We have no hesitation is saying that this person Gould was morally responsible for the death of poor Daisy Smith, and it is a matter of regret that the machinery of the law was not adequate to putting him in the dock, by the side of the woman who was his instrument in this matter and is now serving her seven years sentence.

The woman pays, and Gould is free to resume his love affairs, and involve in ruin other young girls who may become a prey to his wiles and fascinations. His was not the hand that did the operation, although he procured it, and we say emphatically that he ought to be in jail to-day. He is not fit to mix with ordinary decent people.

* * *

There are quacks in the East End, who are some of them ex-burglars and pugilists, doing these operations; and the poor girls who go to them are risking their lives. Apart from that, these wretched people levy a toll of immorality as well as of money from their terror-stricken clients.

In many cases women have been ruined for life by these filthy brutes, and time after time it has happened that the bodies of women have been taken out of the river, and the post-mortem has shown that they had recently undergone an illegal operation.

When a woman is about to die on their hands these pests of society know the heavy sentence that follows detection. They take any risk to get rid of the evidence. Their victim is dropped into the river, and a note is left to say that she has committed suicide.

Even when the operation is successful, the matter does not end there. If the woman is of good social position she is blackmailed, and never gets away from the consequences of her folly.

In one case a young girl, whose father was a man of title, was seduced by an American soldier, and induced to have an illegal operation. Telling her parents that she was going with a girl friend to France for a holiday, she went to a dirty and disreputable house in a mean street in Poplar, where she was operated upon by an Indian medical student, who took advantage of her desperate position.

The woman who kept the house used afterwards to call upon her regularly with a piteous story of misfortune, and demand money on the pain of telling her father. A local clergyman had proposed to her, and though she had fallen in love with him, she was unable to tell him her shameful secret, and she declined to marry him.

In desperation she ran away from home, was brought back, but went from one cataclysm of nervous shock to another, and is at present confined in a private lunatic asylum.

* * *

The horrible crudity with which these operations are performed is revolting, and many poor girls are injured for life by blunt and dirty instruments, and involved in continual and secret suffering. Many of them drift into lunatic asylums and mental hospitals, and some of them, under the relentless pressure of the blackmailers, become prostitutes, and recruit other poor girls for the harpies who live upon them.

There are women who go about the West End dressed as nurses, a uniform to which they have no right. They are touts for the bogus doctors and others who practise this secret and criminal trade.

It is useless for the police to pretend that this ghoulish trade is not particularly rife at present, as Coroners all over the country are constantly drawing attention to suspicious circumstances when inquiring into the death of young women.

Many medical men, who have been struck off the rolls, and students of bad character who have been unable to qualify, earn a living in this criminal way. They are aided and abetted by ex-nurses, who are paid a big commission for cases they introduce. They know that young girls who have been ruined will do anything to get rid of their trouble, and fall easy victims to the blood-suckers who lay their traps for them.

* * *

Shame and terror, pain and suffering, blackmail and intimidation, are part of the trail left by the low creatures, men and women, who batten on the unhappy girls who fall into their grip. The sharks who make money out of ignorant, unfortunate and unhappy womanhood are amongst the worst and most dangerous pests of the underworld of London and of the big provincial towns.

The police could do no better work than to round these people up, and bring to an end the festering trade they find so profitable.

NEVER-PAY NORTHCOTE

Movie Mug-hunter's Many Victims.

SYDNEY WEBBER NORTHCOTE, the unprincipled scoundrel who trades under the style of "Northcote Film Productions," Park Street, Lytham, Lancs, is still at large.

Here is another example of his heartless trickery.

Mr. Charles Sim, of 31, Ashley Gardens, Victoria, London, S.W., after being discharged from the Army, advertised his willingness to invest £50 in order to secure a situation. Northcote quickly spied this announcement, and induced Mr. Sim, who is only twenty-three years of age, to pay a premium of £50 for an agreement engaging him as assistant camera-man for twelve months at £3 10s. a week for the first six months and £4 10s. a week for the second six months, the premium being returnable at the termination of the agreement.

Mr. Sim was taken with several other young fellows to Lytham, where they kicked their heels from May till October. Northcote made some pretence at taking a film in September, and then went to London on the pretext of selling it. He never returned, but left his dupes stranded at Lytham. Not only was Mr. Sim left a sadder but wiser man, with all his money gone and out of work, but his wife, who had been engaged as maid to the Northcotes, was stranded with him with her wages unpaid.

Three other young men, whose names and addresses are in our possession, each of whom had invested £100, shared Mr. Sim's experience, while we have a long list of landladies and tradespeople in Lytham whom Northcote left to whistle for the money he owes them.

This mean trickster, who has repeatedly, to save himself from prosecution and imprisonment, pleaded hardship to his wife and family while lavishing other people's money on his paramours, has had far too long a run of liberty and libertinism, and the police should lay him by the heels at once.

BEING BRUTAL TO BRUTES

The "Cat" as a Remedy for Cruelty

by ARNOLD BENNETT

CAPTAIN ARTHUR EVANS' Bill to authorise flogging as a punishment for "brutes" guilty of cruelty to animals is an expression of that hot indignation which nearly all of us feel at the sight, or even the thought, of a helpless animal being tortured. It springs from a good instinct—the instinct against brutality.

But the project needs examination. Supporters of the Bill say that flogging would be a deterrent to animal-torturers. It might or it might not be. But even if it were, this is scarcely an argument for the Bill. If flogging would deter from cruelty to animals it would deter from all other crimes. Why should cruelty to animals be singled out? There are crimes just as bad and some worse.

The movement of the public conscience has been more and more against flogging for a century past. The "cat" used to be a regular feature of life in the services and in prisons. It is so no longer. Why should it be solemnly re-introduced? Its efficacy as a deterrent has been largely disproved.

AND how can you hope to cure brutality by brutality? Flogging is brutal. Flogging demands a flogger. Shall we say to a brute: "You have been a brute. To punish you we will brutalise you still more, and for that purpose we will put a whip into another man's hand and make him a brute, too"?

Flogging would legalise brutality and accustom the public mind to the idea of torture. It might do some good, but it would assuredly do far more harm than it did good.

Moreover, all animal torturers are not brutes. Many of them are merely thoughtless. Which of us is not at times guilty of cruelty through thoughtlessness.

I notice that the National Equine Defence League is opposed to flogging. True, Lord Lambourne, Chairman of the R.S.P.C.A., favours it. But Lord Lambourne's views do not appear to be very stable. At first he favoured flogging as a punishment for offences against women, children and animals. After protests, he altered his position. He is now in favour of flogging only as a punishment for a second offence against animals. And Lord Lambourne has himself indicated the true remedy for cruelty. It consists not in cure, but in prevention by education; and this is the method employed with much success by his own admirable Society.

PUBLIC opinion must be educated. Public opinion on this great question is at present slack and inoperative. Magistrates treat the torture of animals as no worse than the stealing of an apple. If the public—that is, you and I—really showed a conviction that brutality is horrible, and ostracised the brutes, magistrates would soon lose their thick-skinned indifference to suffering, and the vilest forms of brutality would slowly disappear. There is no other way.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"EVENING NEWS":—"Jambulingam managed to dislodge a STONE from one of the thick walls of his cell, SQUEEZED HIMSELF THROUGH IT, and joined his comrade."

"LLOYD'S MAGAZINE":—"HER EYES were LONG AND CURVED AND GOLDEN, half concealed by curling lashes."

"LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY" (advertisement):—"X-Rays Exams. by highly skilled operator . . . STOMACH TROUBLES BY APPOINTMENT."

"SUNDAY MERCURY AND NEWS":—"The Villa pair were especially DARING, and NEVER TOOK THE SLIGHTEST RISK."

"CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY NEWS AND EXPRESS":—"The . . . market was again full to congestion, EGGS especially being in very heavy quantities, and price dropped to an average of 2s. or slightly less PER ACRE."

"STAR":—"Fortunately only three of them were DROWNED, and those NOT SERIOUSLY."

"SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—"For Sale . . . a first-class CORRUGATED IRON WOODEN HOUSE."

"THOMPSON'S WEEKLY NEWS":—"On the Saturday MORNING George was out practically THE WHOLE OF THE DAY."

"PENNY MAGAZINE":—"Warwick shook with SILENT laughter, horrible to HEAR."

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

Our squandermaniacs mean to waste
Eleven good million more
On England? No! It's all to go
On docks at Singapore.

Why should we be so pleased to see
The surplus stand so high?
It's proof itself to get the pelf
They're drained the nation dry!

You know mayhap this funny chap
Who comes round with the Spring,
He likes to be the first you see
To hear the cuckoo "sing."

"Ill fares the land" (to quote a line)
"To hastening ills a prey."
Where those with skill and strength to
Can't earn five bob a day! [till,

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

ONE never ceases to be amazed at the hopeless unimaginativeness and ultimate futility of nearly all our politicians. Two of them, Asquith and Lloyd George, are chattering just now about Liberal reunion as if it were more to be desired than national reunion, while the average man rubs his eyes and wonders whether he really has been governed during the last seventeen years by these brainless idiots who persistently put their Party in front of Humanity.

Eventually one is driven to the conclusion that even Churchill is less harmful than such doddering faddists, because he's more interested in the shape and number of his hats than in his Party.

Neville Chamberlain was formerly a man of affairs. As such he used to place the interest of a business concern above the interest of any particular department. But a short course of political shoulder-rubbing has altered all that. Already he is suffering acutely from the disease to which so many promising men have succumbed—the disease of thinking that a political Party is more important than Mankind.

HIS father was a curious mixture of arrogance and social charm, of cunning and idealism, of sharp practices and high motives. Auston has

Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

inherited the social charm and platform poses of his father. Neville has inherited the cunning and some of the arrogance.

He has no need of the sharp practices, because his father had made all the money necessary to his comfort by the time he came into the world. He could, therefore, if he were made that way, afford to be a high-souled philanthropist. (Your philanthropist nearly always started life by picking other people's pockets, but Neville was lucky enough not to have to adopt these measures.

HE hasn't yet learnt how to wear the mask of geniality, which is so necessary a step to popularity in political circles. This defect is due partly to inexperience, partly to a temperamental incapacity to be pleasant, and partly to seven or eight years in the tropics as a young man.

In no sense is he a popular man. He is never at his ease, never "at home" in club or drawing-room. Even at home he's not really "at home." He neither loves nor is loved. A reserved, stand-offish man, "At his best," said a colleague, "he's not at all a bad sort, if one can be tolerant, but, unfortunately he's never at his best!"

The nicest thing one can say of him is that he makes no attempt to camouflage his real nature. With a fair talent for organisation, he manages to undo the good effect of his work by ruffling everybody up the wrong way. Like his father he has a genius for setting people's teeth on edge and making their toes tingle with the desire to kick him. And he has the supreme knack of always saying the wrong thing.

HE can, with difficulty, be bearable, but he is usually sullen and sour, and at his most aggravating moments he affects to be stupid. This is the most characteristic thing about him. For there are some men who like to appear as God made them—and he is one of them.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To Miss LILIAN BARKER,
Borstal Institution for Girls, Aylesbury.

DEAR MADAM,—Congratulations on your appointment as Governor of the Borstal Institution for Girls. It shows that the Government, in going outside the ordinary channels of promotion, realises the need for new minds to cope with the disgraceful conditions in these places of horror. You say that sympathy is necessary for rescue work. Good. Don't stand for little girls being put in chains, don't let them be worried into suicide, like the poor child who burned herself to death this week. Dismiss the interfering old cats who follow girls into private life after their release—and get them sacked from their jobs. Do this, and the next generation of Borstal girls will rise up and call you blessed.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. H. H. ASQUITH, K.C., M.P.,
44, Bedford Square, W.C.

SIR,—While you are fiddling with the question of Liberal unity, and declining to lunch at gatherings to which Mr. Lloyd George has been invited, the country is asking what the Liberals are going to do about the really big questions—strikes, unemployment, high taxation, business depression. These are more important matters than the unexciting issue of who will lunch with whom. Keep to the big issues; put public before personal considerations. Come back to something like your old form, not to old womanish form, or make way for others.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ANDREW FLEMING,
Young Socialist Crusaders, Glasgow.

SIR,—I don't suppose that recruiting for the Boys' Brigade in your part of the world will be much affected by the fact that you have nothing but contempt for it. People like you, obsessed with mad dreams of Red Internationalism, would naturally feel like that about anything that suggested patriotism and pride of race. But *any* training would be better for young England than the pernicious rot propounded in your Bolshevist Sunday Schools. Can't you learn a lesson from Russia which is even now being written in cold blood?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. D. G. YOUNG,
Bo'ness.

SIR,—You say that three-fourths of the people of Bo'ness are football mad, and chase the leather in their very dreams. Supposing you are telling the truth, as a clergyman ought, there are worse crimes than playing, or even dreaming of, football. Perhaps you think that the road to hell is paved with footballs, and for that reason you oppose Sir James Calder's gift of a public park, provided games are allowed in it on Sunday afternoons. Rev. Killjoy, the world is moving on. People will not punish themselves to win the gloomy and miserable approval of mere Stigginses. The Church will not regain its influences by petty-minded intolerance. Remember the Master's saying: The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

JOHN BULL.

AND THE ANSWER'S——?

CHORUS: "Got any cigarette cards, Guvnor?"

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
Ministry of Health.

DEAR SIR,—Another poor woman, Annie Fishburn, only 25 years old, has died in hospital in circumstances which demand much more enquiry than they got at the inquest. Owing to gross carelessness in putting together an anæsthetising apparatus, pure chloroform was sprayed into the girl's mouth instead of chloroform vapour and she never recovered consciousness. The growing frequency of such deaths, as I have recently pointed out, is gravely disquieting, but I haven't noticed that you have done anything about it. If you don't want people to lose their faith in hospitals, you really must bestir yourself to purge these institutions of inefficiency and neglect.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. CHESNUTT CHESNEY,
Vicar, St. Patrick's Church, Bally Macarret.

DEAR SIR,—The other day, at Belfast, you declared that gambling, smoking, drinking, and dancing were vices, and not sins. Scarcely had you sat down ere your curate, the Rev. J. Redmond, jumped up and contradicted you saying they were sins—not vices. And so all Belfast laughs at you, for you're both wrong. Gambling, smoking, drinking, and dancing are simply habits, and if indulged in moderately, not altogether bad habits. They are displeasing only to killjoys like you and your precious curate, and the sooner you get that into your chestnut the better. Your congregation has our sympathy, but probably they know you too well to believe all you say.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

SIR,—When are you going to reinstate the two City policemen, who were discharged from the force, after being found "not guilty" at the Old Bailey of a charge of corruption? It is your function and privilege to protect the innocent. Here is a clear case. Disregard official prejudice, red-tape, the pompous importance of the highly-placed, and do justice. It is what the public expects of you. Meantime they are mystified by the high-handed action of the City Commissioner.

JOHN BULL.

To RAMSAY MACDONALD, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—A trip to Paris has convinced you that France cannot get reparations from Germany. Don't go to Paris to find out what Germany can do; go to Cologne and see the frantic betting there on the totalisator at the race-meetings. Then come home and let France alone. You know Germany ought to pay! She won't pay if she thinks she can plead invincible poverty.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. SAMUEL CLARKE, Farm Labourer,
Shopland, Southend.

DEAR SIR,—I am delighted that the landlord who was trying to turn you out of your cottage has failed. You've lived in it, man and boy, for 72 years, and the Southend Bench flatly refused to grant an ejectment order. All honour to them for a humane decision, which I hope will teach your landlord that he can't treat fine old Englishmen like you as if they were mere puppets.

JOHN BULL.

To F. W. JOWETT, Esq., M.P.,
Westminster.

SIR,—You are kind enough to inform us that the capitalist system is responsible for the gross disorganisation of the economic life of the nation. What is the good of darkening counsel with vague complaints like this? Find something to take its place—and then you can talk. Until you do, tirades like yours are only bunkum and Bolshevism and—water.

JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

Our Greatest Industry

HOW long is agriculture to remain the Cinderella of British industries? In spite of the war's grim lessons—how near we were to actual starvation, perhaps we shall never really know!—it seems that the authorities who direct its fortunes have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Still we make the same old fatal blunder of regarding the trade of the farmer from the same purely commercial angle as those of the tinker, the tailor and the candlestick maker; whereas in fact it is in a category by itself, interwoven into the very texture of our life as a nation.

The unhappy dispute in Norfolk ought to arouse us to a sense of our peril. Clearly farming can no longer be carried on at a reasonable profit, if the worker on the land is to receive a living wage, and in the teeth of this dilemma it is no use for the Government to sit with folded arms and declare that nothing can be done. Something must be done, and the money the nation is called upon to find for the purpose must be regarded as life insurance against deadly risks. Unless the situation is tackled in a businesslike way, we shall become more than ever dependent upon foreign food supplies, while the exodus of workers from the country to the towns will still further aggravate the problem of unemployment. At all costs British agriculture must be saved.

It is rubbish to pretend that all the difficulty is due to the land system. There are not a dozen farmers in England who would willingly exchange their present landlords for the privilege of renting land from the State. But they quite reasonably expect the Government of the day to have a policy in regard to agriculture, to know its mind, and to keep its word. It should not be difficult to safeguard the interests of the consumer, while assuring a fair return to those who expend the whole of their capital or labour on the land.

Waste in the Schools

THE deliberations of the National Union of Teachers at Brighton last week were marked by several lively episodes. Unfortunately, there was more heat than light. In some of the speeches, moreover, there was, to say the least of it, a severe economy of truth. The announcement that the Government can see their way to a saving of several millions on the Education Estimates for the coming year, while grateful enough to the taxpayer, is gall and wormwood to the N.U.T.

But how does the matter stand? The need for economy in the public services is universally recognised. At last the Government have been awakened to the solemn fact that there is no middle path between severe retrenchment and stark ruin. As a result, the pruning knife has been applied to the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates, and as part of the general scheme it has been decided that a little less money shall be spent on elementary education.

Now it suits some people to argue that this will mean less education for the boys and girls, but we submit with confidence that it need not necessarily mean anything of the kind. In the past there has undoubtedly been a vast amount of waste in the schools, and in the view of many whose practical opinion is entitled to respect, it will be quite easy to save these millions, and a few more besides, without injury to anything which can properly be called "education." This blessed word has been much abused. In the primary schools it has too often meant a smattering of all the "isms" and "ologies," a nodding acquaintance with art, a lick and a promise of science, a running squint at literature, all excellent in their way, no doubt, but a poor substitute for the practical training that will fit the boy or girl for the rough and tumble of commercial life.

"Commercial life"—ah, say the high-brows of the N.U.T., what a low, sordid ideal. Perhaps so, or perhaps not, according to the point of view; but in any case it happens to be the means by which most of us, and nine out of ten of the children attending the elementary schools, are destined to earn our livelihoods. Give us a more practical scheme of primary education, and the taxpayer will not begrudge its cost.

Such a scheme should include a thorough knowledge of the three "R.s"—once honoured, now despised—a solid grounding in history and geography, and the elements of commercial training. Added to these we should welcome a system of handicraft training on up-to-date lines, so that fewer boys and girls from the primary schools should be forced into blind-alley occupations. As soon as we can afford it this is the line of progress, and we shall look to the N.U.T. to lead the way.

Cruelty to Children

IT is a little strange that while so much is being said and written upon the subject of cruelty to animals, far less is heard about cruelty to children. It cannot be that the public conscience is less sensitive to one crime than to the other. Between such atrocities it is hard to draw any moral distinction, but if anything the savagery which wreaks itself upon a helpless infant is more revolting than the brutality which tortures a dumb animal.

Yet the law which protects children, or fails to protect them, is as much out of harmony with civilised opinion as that which punishes cruelty to animals. A baby may be beaten into insensibility, starved and neglected, made to suffer the torment of the damned, yet the utmost penalty Magistrates can inflict is six months' hard labour. As with the animal cases, kind-hearted Justices are ever loath to award the maximum penalty, and brutal parents frequently escape with trifling fines or terms of imprisonment so light as to be a mockery of justice.

Still more so is this the case where lust is added to violence, the penalties commonly awarded by Magistrates in cases of indecent assault being a disgrace to our civilisation. Much of the cruelty children suffer is employed in the guise of punishment, and in this respect we are keeping a sharp eye on certain public institutions. Save the animals, by all means; but let us not neglect the cry of the child.

More Asylum Horrors

IT looks as though we are at last getting to real grips with the lunatic asylum scandal. In the past the trouble has been that so few persons, apart from officials, had the right of entry to these institutions, the evil being hidden behind shut doors. This disability fortunately does not attach to Mrs. Hatfield, a Hull City Councillor, whose disclosures regarding the Hull Corporation Mental Hospital merit the close attention of the Board of Control.

The Hull Mental Hospital, we may remark in passing, is one of those "model" institutions which are supposed to be as high above the common lunatic asylum as the heavens are above the earth. To this abode of healing Mrs. Hatfield paid a surprise visit, and, no preparations having been made for her reception, she found the place in a state of indescribable filth. She found twelve women patients in the bathroom at one time, being sluiced down like cattle, to the accompaniment of the vilest dirt and disorder. Much else she saw betraying the scantiest regard for comfort and decency.

It is safe to say that if Mrs. Hatfield's charges had been preferred by Dr. Montagu Lomax, or any other avowed lunacy reformer, they would have been dismissed as the exaggerated fancies of a fanatic whose *idee fixe* had turned his brain. But it is not so easy to shake off Mrs. Hatfield, a lady councillor noted for her robust commonsense, and so at last the Hull Asylum Committee have consented to hold a special inquiry into the administration of the Mental Hospital. For the sake of the wretched inmates doomed to live amid this squalor it comes not a moment too soon. In our view it ought to be held in public.

Ultimately, however, the Board of Control, as the national body responsible for the treatment of the insane, has a duty which it cannot shirk—namely, to direct an inquiry into the whole asylum administration of the country in order that these festering plague spots may be finally swept away.

Foolish Fancies

IT is a pity that the tragedy of Lord Carnarvon's death should have been seized upon by foolish people for the utterance of so much superstitious twaddle. It may be argued that the ancient faiths should be respected, and that those who adhere to the Christian religion with its belief in immortality, should be slow even in the name of science to disturb the resting-places of the dead. But when garrulous tongues and pens go beyond this and suggest that the sudden illness and death of this distinguished nobleman were the work of some supernatural agency acting from motives of revenge, it is time to call a halt to such senseless imaginings. This is the sort of thing we expect from Miss Marie Corelli, but do not take quite so kindly from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It is perhaps doubtful whether the tangible gains resulting from these researches into antiquity are ever worth the risks involved. In any event, there is enough sadness in human life without adding to it the nightmare horrors of disordered minds.

MURDER IN POLITICS

by A. G. GARDINER

IF the Russian Government wanted to remain outlaws of human society they could not have done anything more calculated to achieve their purpose than the murder of Bishop Budkiewicz. They have succeeded in shocking the conscience of the civilised world. We do not know the nature of the treasonable acts with which the Bishop was charged, but whatever they were the execution raises another barrier between Russia and the outside world.

I think the indignation that has been aroused is due less to the fact than to the course and provocative spirit in which the protests of the world have been flouted. Execution for political reasons is not an innovation of the Bolsheviks. It has been practised, I suppose, by almost every Government of almost every country throughout the ages.

Cromwell practised it on the Stuarts and Charles II. took his revenge on the corpse of Cromwell. The French revolutionists murdered the King and then broke up into factions and murdered each other. The Greeks recently executed Gounaris, the ex-Premier who led them into the Smyrna disaster. We hanged Casement and many another traitor during the war, and the Irish Free State Government shot Childers and would probably shoot De Valera if they captured him.

What outrages public feeling in the present case is the callous and defiant circumstances of the murder. When we hanged Casement and when the Free State shot Childers, the acts were done gravely, the reasons were declared and the public opinion of the world was recognised as a Court that was entitled to intervene and had to be satisfied. But the Soviet Government has behaved as if it were a bandit concerned not so much to execute justice as to insult justice and to flout society.

The country that does this sort of thing puts itself outside the pale of civilisation. In general, one country has no right to interfere in the internal affairs of another; but there is a profound instinct in human nature which insists on holding a watching brief wherever murder is used as a political weapon.

It may seem strange that mankind should be so indifferent about the enormous organised murder of war and so sensitive about the murder of individuals, but the instinct is sound, and springs from the hatred and fear of tyranny. Whether we shall ever get rid of official murder as a political weapon may be doubted. No country has yet done so. If we contrast the world of to-day with the ancient world, the change of course is enormous. In Rome and Greece no public man ever expected to have the novel experience of dying in his bed.

We have advanced far from that—so far that the execution of Gounaris is almost unparalleled in Europe in modern times. Public opinion has come to distrust murder as a political weapon, and history from Cæsar to Lincoln has declared its failure. The country that employs it least is the most enlightened and the happiest country, and the country that uses it lightly and revengefully passes the judgment of outlawry upon itself.

WHAT Mr. BALDWIN MU

by HAROLD OWEN

"WE have already by the surpluses of the last three years national debt by almost the exact sum at which the total 1913; that should be considered enough for the time being." does Mr. Harold Owen sum up the argument in favour of an e moderate budget. Our own generation has borne its share In view of this he points out where the burden of taxation should

ON Monday next Mr. Baldwin brings in his first Budget. It will, no doubt, be a proud moment for him, standing at the familiar box honoured by the thumps of generations of Chancellors, whilst we hang on his words as though he were one of the Fates. And it is awfully nice to learn from a cheerful paragraph the other day, that he is "not at all a nervous speaker," and may be trusted even to enliven the voice of Doom with a few jokes—no doubt at our expense. But it is not *his* nervousness that matters, and most of us would forgive him if he broke down in his speech five consecutive times, so long as he recovered each time to falter out five successive announcements of so much "off" something. For it is We, the Taxpayers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain plus Ireland minus the debris, who are nervous.

MAN, woman, and child, we pay over twenty pounds per head in taxation, a rate of extortion and exhaustion which is unequalled under any Crowned Head of Europe, and is suggestive rather of the fiscal ferocity of some Oriental despot, whose tax-collecting minions enforce their demands with the bastinado, than of a system maintained by respectable civil servants sitting in offices that are apparently too poor to get their windows cleaned.

Three years ago the taxation reached the extravagant, ostentatious, vulgar sum of even thirty pounds a head, so that the working man with a wife and four children was "paying," by proxy and substitute, the lordly sum of £180 per annum, out of wages probably rather less than that amount—a financial miracle due entirely to the ingenuity by which political power is democratised, but the rich are still allowed to cling to the "privilege" delightfully described by other people as "forking out."

TO the rich, then, a new Budget is a matter of poignant interest. But not only to them. With income tax at five shillings in the £, men of even moderate incomes—far below that super-tax line which divides the rich from us others—are very painfully and anxiously concerned with any prospect of reduction in a tax which practically means that they work three months out of every twelve for the State; and, reckoning the month's holiday they cannot afford to take, devote a third of their working lives to keeping the national exchequer solvent.

Mainly, however, the interest in the Budget stops there, with the black-coats; and though we have had so-called "popular Budgets" (a contradiction in terms) no Budget ever excites a really popular interest, like that of the other Grand National. Why is that? Partly because the workers' contributions to our national revenues are concealed by indirect taxation, so that the working classes come to feel that the annual anxiety known as The Budget is not greatly their affair—except, of course, that it is very pleasant to know the other fellows are going through the mill.

But every man, woman and child is vitally interested in the Budget. For there are two sides even to the satisfaction that the rich are paying heavily, since the nation as a whole loses heavily by this annual drain on its resources. If a workman had to work a day and a half a week for the upkeep of his Trade Union, he would soon begin to think that though the high subscription might be good for the officials of the Trade Union, it was very bad for the Trade Unionist. Similarly, high taxation may be very good for the State—though it is not even that, since it encourages extravagance and waste—but it is, at any rate, bad for the citizens, be they individually rich or poor.

And, secondly, the poor do pay their share of taxation, camouflaged in the price of the commodities they buy; and it is only necessary to mention the magic words, Beer and 'Baccy, to justify a more popular interest in the Budget than now prevails.

ANOTHER reason for the popular apathy is that millions have lost their meaning. Our national ledger has become so swollen—especially on one side of the account, and thanks entirely to our "German friends"—that rows of noughts have lost all significance to the eye or mind. The million has become almost the unit of national finance. The figures we are now used to have been called "astronomical" in their magnitude, but even that description is inadequate. When we are told that the sun is ninety-three million miles away from the earth we merely give up counting, so to speak. But what of taxes, raised in one year, amounting to nearly *fifteen hundred millions*, or a National Debt of *seven thousand millions?*

AND so, with your minds enlarged to accommodate the few statistics with which I shall trouble you, I now ask you to take a bird's-eye view of our national financial position, and to see where we are by comparison with where we once were.

The whole problem confronting Mr. Baldwin is whether he shall re taxation, and these fig preliminary to considering Here are the total figur expenditure in the ten last year of our norma life and the financial y night ago :—

Year.	Revenue.	E
1913–14 ..	£198,242,597	£1
1914–15 ..	226,694,060	5
1915–16 ..	336,766,824	1,5
1916–17 ..	573,427,582	2,1
1917–18 ..	707,234,565	2,6
1918–19 ..	889,020,825	2,5
1919–20 ..	1,339,571,381	1,6
1920–21 ..	1,425,981,666	1,1
1921–22 ..	1,124,879,873	1,0
1922–23 ..	914,012,452	8

THOSE figures tell thei tale they tell is w "cousinly" race which ha our National Debt—turni thousands—its seven hu seven thousand millions—escape, to the disgrace ship, without a stain o even a donation to the p Germany has almost ruin

In 1913-14 trade was elastic, and social refor then, however, a budget million mark was spoke as the limit to which ev turous, hen-roost robbe would ask us to go. Th the expenditure until, by the war, it had got int millions; and by 1919 we lated deficits that gave exactly ten times what it changed the face of the

In vain did revenue colossal expenditure. I the amount raised by stupendous heights, so t years we raised in tax *as great as the whole Nati* before Germany's little "search our pockets." current resources as w outpaced revenue so mu pile up a perfectly giga race has now left us hausted, our capital re State loans and our i

THE Editor does not necessarily share all views expressed on this page, b of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is inte journal the recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of

BALDWIN MUST DO!

by HAROLD OWEN

WE have already by the surpluses of the last three years reduced our national debt by almost the exact sum at which the total debt stood in 913; that should be considered enough for the time being." In these words ee Mr. Harold Owen sum up the argument in favour of an economical and oderate budget. Our own generation has borne its share of hardship. view of this he points out where the burden of taxation should be lightened.

national revenues are concealed by t taxation, so that the working classes o feel that the annual anxiety known Budget is not greatly their affair—, of course, that it is very pleasant to the other fellows are going through ill.

every man, woman and child is vitally ted in the Budget. For there are two even to the satisfaction that the rich aying heavily, since the nation as a loses heavily by this annual drain resources. If a workman had to work and a half a week for the upkeep of ade Union, he would soon begin to that though the high subscription be good for the officials of the Trade it was very bad for the Trade Unionist. rly, high taxation may be very for the State—though it is not even since it encourages extravagance and —but it is, at any rate, bad for the s, be they individually rich or poor. , secondly, the poor do pay their of taxation, camouflaged in the price commodities they buy; and it is only ary to mention the magic words, und 'Baccy, to justify a more popular it in the Budget than now prevails.

OTHER reason for the popular apathy is that millions have lost their meaning. ational ledger has become so swollen—ally on one side of the account, and s entirely to our "German friends"—ows of noughts have lost all significance eye or mind. The million has become t the unit of national finance. The we are now used to have been called onomical" in their magnitude, but that description is inadequate. When e told that the sun is ninety-three n miles away from the earth we merely ip counting, so to speak. But what es, raised in one year, amounting to *fifteen hundred millions*, or a National of *seven thousand millions?*

ID so, with your minds enlarged to accommodate the few statistics with I shall trouble you, I now ask you to take l's-eye view of our national financial on, and to see where we are by com-n with where we once were.

whole problem confronting Mr. Baldwin is whether he shall reduce debt or reduce taxation, and these figures are a useful preliminary to considering those alternatives. Here are the total figures of revenue and expenditure in the ten years covering the last year of our normal, happy pre-war life and the financial year closed a fortnight ago:—

Year.	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Surplus.
1913–14 ..	£198,242,607	£197,492,969	£749,028
			Deficits.
1914–15 ..	226,694,060	560,473,533	333,779,473
1915–16 ..	336,766,824	1,559,158,377	1,222,391,553
1916–17 ..	573,427,582	2,198,112,710	1,624,685,128
1917–18 ..	707,234,565	2,696,221,405	1,988,986,840
1918–19 ..	889,020,825	2,579,301,188	1,690,280,363
1919–20 ..	1,339,571,381	1,665,772,928	326,201,547
			Surpluses.
1920–21 ..	1,425,984,666	1,195,427,877	230,556,789
1921–22 ..	1,124,879,873	1,079,166,627	45,693,246
1922–23 ..	914,012,452	812,496,604	101,515,848

THOSE figures tell their own tale—and the tale they tell is what we owe to that "cousinly" race which has put a nought on our National Debt—turning its hundreds into thousands—its seven hundred millions into seven thousand millions—and is apparently to escape, to the disgrace of our statesmanship, without a stain on its character or even a donation to the poor box. In truth, Germany has almost ruined Great Britain.

In 1913-14 trade was flourishing, revenue elastic, and social reform booming. Even then, however, a budget nearing the £200 million mark was spoken of with awe, and as the limit to which even the most adventurous, hen-roost robber of a Chancellor would ask us to go. The next year up went the expenditure until, by the second year of the war, it had got into the thousands of millions; and by 1919 we had to face accumulated deficits that gave us a National Debt exactly ten times what it was before Germany changed the face of the world.

In vain did revenue sprint after the colossal expenditure. In 1919 and 1920, the amount raised by taxation soared to stupendous heights, so that in each of those years we raised in taxation a sum *twice as great as the whole National Debt* as it stood before Germany's little enterprise began to "search our pockets." But, straining our current resources as we did, expenditure outpaced revenue so much that we had to pile up a perfectly gigantic debt, and the race has now left us breathless and exhausted, our capital reserves absorbed in State loans and our incomes bled white in order to prevent us from sinking deeper and deeper into the bog of debt.

Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P.

As it is, we are nearly up to the neck, and perhaps I could not better show the financial strain against which we are bearing up than by this simple fact: In 1913 our entire national income was estimated at £2,300 millions, and our taxation was then less than *one-eleventh* of the income. But for four years of the war our expenditure practically absorbed *the whole of our national income* for each of those years. We are now out of breath and must be given time to recover.

In other words, tax reduction is far more important to our present state, both in the short run and the long run, than further reduction in debt. We have already, by the surpluses of the last three years, reduced our national debt by almost the exact sum at which the *total debt* stood in 1913. That should be considered enough for the time being.

HERE, if anywhere, is a case for passing our burden on to posterity. Our own generation has borne more than its share. And so it is only due to ourselves that we should now ease the burden, and recuperate our energies.

Where should the reduction, then, be made? Well, if the above table of figures suggests anything, it is that a tremendous expansion of industry will be necessary to meet all these new noughts and millions, and that only by Capital and Labour doubling their energies can we become prosperous again. So let us have a Shilling off the Income Tax and a Penny off the glass of Beer!

ONE relief would give an enormous impetus to trade, and the other would give an enormous satisfaction to the willing worker. In both cases trade would gain with good hope of the revenue not losing. For even Sixpence off the income tax would make the wheels go round a little faster; whilst if our Labour could wet its whistle at less expense it might be safely trusted not to let the Excise returns decline.

The Beer Tax is ten times what it was before Germany started to make *us* "pay," and so the worker is as much entitled as the income tax payer to say to Mr. Baldwin, "Thanking you in anticipation. . . ." The chances are, of course, that he won't do it. But my job is to deal with things not as they are or will be, but as they should be.

THE Editor does not necessarily share all views expressed on this page, but considers them of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is intended to make this journal the recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of the day.

LUNACY AND DIVORCE

by PROFESSOR A. M. LOW

IN Britain to-day hundreds, in fact thousands of women are living and have lived for years lives without hope, their happiness blighted and prospects ruined through no fault of their own.

I refer to the Mrs. Rutherfords, scattered throughout this country of ours. Every city, town, and village has them, women who are tied to Lunatics. They are not hard to discern amongst the others, their look of resignation, their dejected careworn countenances reveal the fact that they are apart from their neighbours.

How are we to relieve the distress of these poor people, and at the same time deal out justice to the unfortunates who are incarcerated in our Asylums?

There is only one solution to the problem. The law has always been ruthless and it is deemed honest and just. It must continue so. Lunacy on the part of either the husband or wife, when proven by medical examination to be present to an extent justifying detention in an asylum, should lead to automatic divorce after a period of, say, three years has elapsed.

It is a hard thing to say, but a man who has lost his reason is little better than an animal—in some cases materially worse. Would it be fair that a person should be tied for the rest of her natural existence to an animal, just because at the time of marriage that animal was masquerading in the guise of a human being? Of course not!

But the matter does not end here. It is recognised that for an insane person to give birth to children is almost a crime. If that were permitted to any extent we would speedily become a nation of lunatics. Another argument in favour of automatic divorce.

An important fact which has unfortunately been almost completely overlooked by advocates of reform in the laws relating to this subject, is that persons who have been married to lunatics are in some cases almost equally suspect of being unfit for marriage. I refer to the spouses of lunatics whose mental disability is the result of venereal disease, either hereditary or personally contracted. For the disease to have an effect on the brain to such an extent proves that it is prevalent in the sufferer in its most virulent form.

Luckily the determining of the presence of such disease is comparatively simple to a medical man, therefore in the event of divorce becoming automatic upon the discovery of lunacy, a medical examination of the husband or wife who desires to remarry should also be compulsory.

The argument that a person may at a future date recover sanity only to find that his wife is legally married to another man must not be overlooked, but the answer is to me an obvious and satisfactory one. It is simply that marriage is a beautiful thing in its true aspect, and without that beauty it becomes little else than legalised cohabitation. When a woman, left alone in the world through the mental disease of her husband, seeks consolation in re-marriage, it must be assumed that any beauty which may have attended the shattered relationship has now disappeared and consequently true happiness could not again be attained by reuniting.

MY TURF SWINDLES

The 'Mug' Who Went to Jail

WHEN Pat Barrie was sentenced for his Turf Swindles a man named Norman Weisz went to prison too. This man, Barrie avows, was innocent of any wrong, the part he played being simply that of a dupe.

by P. C. (Pat) BARRIE—Master Horse-Faker

EVEN crooks have their day dreams, and the best of all these is one in which there appears a mug with money. I have met many in my life, and perhaps never so complete an innocent as Norman Weisz.

Poor Norman Weisz! A man holding a good position, a rich man, an innocent man, whose only offence was that he was a tool for rascals like myself and Marsh, was sent to prison for twelve months!

I cannot quite recall my first meeting with Weisz. Marsh saw him first, and for him he was a veritable godsend. At this time Gilbert Marsh had run through most of his money, and was owing the bookmakers thousands of pounds. He owned horses, it is true, but he could not bet on them. It came to a point where he could not even run them. In these circumstances Gilbert looked around for somebody who would bet for him, and ill-chance brought our unfortunate victim in his path.

Norman Weisz was a prosperous pearl merchant of Hatton Garden and a mug punter, as I would describe any man who bets in large sums on horses he knows nothing about, or on the advice of people he doesn't know.

• • •

WHEN the Coat of Mail swindle was "up" for discussion, I asked Gilbert how he was going to get the money on, for I knew by now that he was as near broke as made no difference.

"Don't worry," he said. "I've got a peach of a fellow in tow—a man who will bet with both hands when I tell him."

And then I heard for the first time about this champion innocent. I had met him, of course, and knew that he was a pigeon ready for plucking, but I thought he was "wise" to the game. But the truth is, Weisz knew nothing! He was as innocent as you. He knew no more than that Gilbert Marsh was a great "owner" and that I was a "gentleman jockey."

I could give you a hundred instances to prove this, but the little story I have already told of how Weisz came down to my stables and brought friends to see the wonderful "Silver Badge" (which was Shining More, as you know) at a moment when the horse was piebald with dye, is proof enough.

We had to "work" him, of course; we gave him little sweeteners to keep him going, and it was I who prevented one of the gang from killing the goose that was laying the golden eggs. I have often thought how much better it would have been for this unhappy man if I had not interfered.

What happened was this: one day Weisz came to dinner with us. He was leaving the next morning for the Continent, and he displayed to us a bag containing £60,000 worth of pearls. We had seen the bag before, and it was easily duplicated. On such occasions Weisz put the bag between his feet whilst he was dining, and the plan put up was that, whilst we were at dinner, the bag should be hooked away from under the table and another put in its place.

To this scheme I objected. I had a sort of sneaking regard for the jeweller; and my gorge, which is not particularly delicate, rose at the idea. And so we spared him, and put upon him a greater loss—the loss of his good name and character.

• • •

WEISZ was useful in many ways. He was not always betting on faked horses. One day we got him to Sandown Park to bet for us on a perfectly straight 'un—Shining More running under her own name. And thereby hangs a tale.

We were all more or less broke, and a "tickle" was absolutely necessary. I forget now whether we doped the horse or not—at any rate, bar accidents, we were on money to nothing.

But there was another scoundrel with a horse in the race; a well-known owner, who had been in a few of our swindles and knew just about enough to hang us, if he squeaked. Just before we went out of the paddock, he sent his secretary with a message.

"Barrie, if you win, the governor will squeak. He has got £2,000 on his horse and he's got to win."

We were in a pretty tangle. Our money was on, and there was no escape. We knew the man well enough to know that he would keep his word. He was merciless.

"Very good," thought I, "if we don't win, you shan't." And throughout the race my mind was intent on only one thing—to keep Mr. ——'s horse out of the spoils. It required some doing, for I knew that the jockey would report to his master any open attempt to bump him, screw him off at the hurdles, or any other little trick which is indulged in by riders in the "gentleman's game."

As it was, the other scoundrel's horse was beaten a head, with my horse beaten a head for third place! But it was Weisz who lost.

When the inevitable happened, and a talkative jockey and a betting detective brought about my downfall, Weisz, who had bought in one of our ringers, was arrested as a member of the gang, whilst Marsh, by the judicious expenditure of money, was kept out of the case.

• • •

MORALITY in my mouth would seem hypocrisy, but I do not think that in the long history of crime there has ever been so flagrant a case as the shopping of Weisz. He could have been kept out of the case too, but the affair was badly managed. He believed implicity that his innocence would be so apparent at his trial that no conviction would follow. Even now I hope I may do something to help secure the free pardon that he deserves.

What secured Weisz's conviction more than anything else were the vicious attentions of Gill, the counsel of the Jockey Club. He left no stone unturned to get this unfortunate man sent down.

I declare on my oath that Weisz knew nothing of any swindle; that he was not privy to any of our roguery; that he was deliberately kept in the dark by Marsh and me; that, until the day of his arrest, he had no idea that anything was wrong.

I have nothing to gain by making this statement. I have not seen Mr. Weisz since my release from prison, and do not even know if he is in England.

Weisz was rooked by the gang of something like £10,000—that doesn't sound like a confederate, does it? He was the banking account of every impecunious member, and when he won, he won only a little. When he lost, he lost the lot.

When we backed a "changeling" it was our practice to go to Weisz with a story that never failed to convince him.

"Norman," I said, when we decided on the Silver Badge ramp, "I've found a wonder! An old Army mare that can go like the wind!"

"An old Army mare?" he said incredulously. "But how on earth did the owner part with her?"

I told a cock and bull story about this horse having been requisitioned at the beginning of the war from a racing stable, and he swallowed it—bones and all!

"This one may win a Grand National," I said. "In fact, there is no knowing what she can do."

On another occasion one of the gang, who was desperately hard up, drifted into his office with a story about a "job" that was going to be worked at Leicester.

"Put me on a hundred, Mr. Weisz," said the sharp, giving him the name of a horse that he had picked out of the morning newspaper. By luck it won!

That was the kind of man he was. Generous, unsuspicious, pathetically proud of knowing "clever" people like the Marsh's and having his opinion sought after.

We never let him in at all when we had the money to bet "ready." Over The Clown at Epsom and Alexandra Park he won nothing. At every killing, he was the burnt offering—and he paid up.

Gill is dead, and I want to say nothing harsh about him; but to my mind, all his achievements in the law do not compensate for having sent an innocent man to gaol.

• • •

AND now, in conclusion, let me say a few words about racing in this country.

First of all, let me say that racing is cleaner in England than it is in any part of the world. That horses are doped, we know. You can hardly prevent isolated cases. That there are "ringers" is also true. A whisper has come to me that a "ringer" (by which I mean a horse that wasn't the horse he pretended to be) won at a small N.H. meeting on Easter Monday, and I suppose such things will continue to happen. So far as I am concerned, I am out of any active participation in the game, though I take a very large interest in the efforts of certain people I know. I shall sit at home and tip winners, in the main, straight horses.

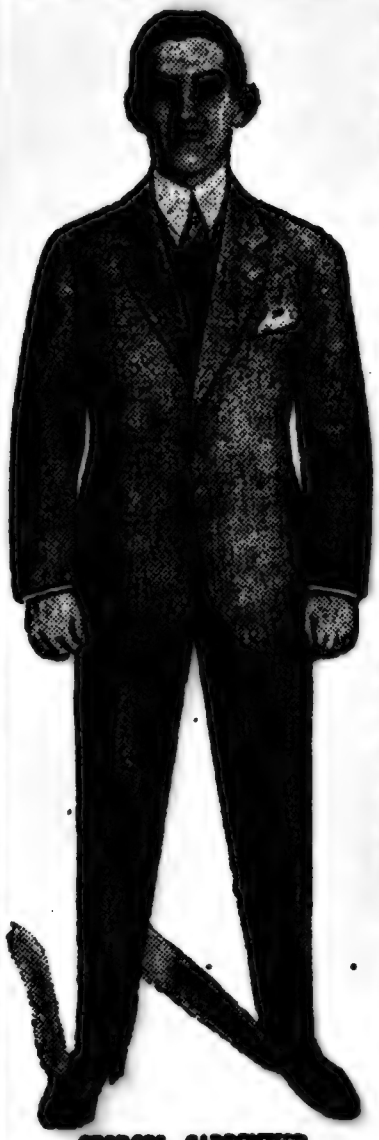
In conclusion, I will give one word of advice to backers. The only certain way of winning is to back a three-year-old horse running in a two-year-old race!

There is no other absolute certainty, though it is possible with the right kind of information checked by a knowledge of the game to make money by racing. I have made thousands. I shall probably make thousands more. You never know your luck.

NEXT WEEK JOHN BULL will print an amazing article on "The Real Underworld of London," written by one who has actively participated in the life.

SPECIAL OFFER.

A £5-5-0 PURE NEW WOOL TWEED SUIT FOR £2-0-0



GEORGES CARPENTIER
Dressed by Barry.
(Photo by Personality Photo Press.)

GUARANTEED MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES and Cut, Tailored and Finished in the high-grade style for which the Barry Service is so justly famous

THE MOST REMARKABLE VALUE EVER OFFERED BY ANY TAILORING FIRM IN THE WORLD

Seeing is believing. If after examining the excellent material, workmanship and finish of this wonderful £2 Barry Suit you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid, but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Pure Wool Tweed Suit with the cheap sale goods so extensively being boomed in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

WHEREVER YOU MAY BE WE CAN FIT YOU PERFECTLY

Our SELF-MEASURE CHART is satisfying. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your suit carefully packed.

Sent at our risk entirely.

FREE The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart, are yours for the asking. Send us a postcard forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

FOR THE BEST TAILORING SERVICE IN THE WORLD AND THE MOST WONDERFUL VALUES YOU HAVE EVER SEEN.

CALL OR WRITE.

100% Pure New Wool, Indigo Dyed London Shrunk, BLUE SERGE SUIT (18oz. weight) to measure for **£3-10-0**
The most sensational value ever offered in Blue Serges.

A 21-guinea Sports Coat, Tailor Made, lined throughout, to measure, **26/6**
Fitted Real Leather Buttons.

S. A. BARRY & C°
(J.B. DEPT.), 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
EXCLUSIVELY MEASURE TAILORS
Telephone Number for Free Patterns: CLERKENWELL 4209.

KNITTING —to make your dreams come TRUE!

Wouldn't an extra few pounds every week make life more worth living? Think what you can do with the money . . . the house repainted, new curtains here, new carpets there, new clothes, all those pretty things that a woman loves. You could give the kiddies a better education, or get rapidly nearer some special thing for which you have long been saving up. Your dreams could COME TRUE. YOU can make from three to six pounds per week at your own fireside by using a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine. The articles thus made are readily saleable . . . users tell us they are "swamped with orders."

Many women are making pounds every week by knitting at their own firesides.

Just glance at these letters from users of the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine. The originals may be seen in our files

"I am turning my spare time into money with one of your circular knitting machines."

"Soon overflowing with private orders, which bring in from three to five pounds weekly easily."

"I took a sample of boys' socks to two large boys' schools, and had no difficulty in getting an order from one school for 50 pairs; the order from the other school is too large for us to tackle at present."

"I am so satisfied that I am going to buy another machine, as my husband can work the machine equally as well as myself."

HOW YOU CAN MAKE MONEY

When you buy your Golden Fleece Knitting Machine you will be entitled to free instruction in our tuition parlours under an expert. You will be able to attend these lessons for as long as you like—until you fully understand the machine. For those who cannot call we have produced an Instruction Book which makes everything clear. A short time after delivery of the machine you will be able to turn out beautiful socks and stockings at an astounding speed. Expert workers only take twenty minutes to make a pair of socks.

WE GUARANTEE TO PURCHASE YOUR ENTIRE OUTPUT OF SOCKS

With your machine you will get our guarantee that we will buy all the socks you knit for three years. The moment you can dispose of your work elsewhere you are at liberty to do so. After a week or two you will find that you can make other things besides socks, such as jumpers, babies' woollies, scarves, etc., and you need only show these articles in order to get a stream of orders that will keep you as busy as you wish. Although this occupation is so profitable, it is an easy and pleasant pastime for your spare half-hours. Why not call to-day and see the machines actually at work in our demonstration rooms? You will be very welcome, and a visit will put you under no obligation whatever. Farringdon Street and Chancery Lane Tube stations are quite close. Our premises are one minute from Holborn Hall, situated midway between Hatton Garden and Gray's Inn Road.

VARIED WORK AT GREAT SPEED

Once you have thoroughly mastered the simple working of the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine there is practically no limit to the garments you can make. Quite apart from the business side of it, you will be able to save money by supplying your family with woollen or silk clothing at a mere fraction of the shop price for inferior workmanship. Learn more about this great opportunity at once. Either call and see a free demonstration, or fill up the coupon below and post it to us. It will bring you by return a FREE book on knittin. in the home, containing full particulars of the Golden Fleece Machine, the terms upon which we undertake to buy your work, copies of testimonials and illustrations of various garments made with this wonderful machine. This book is yours for the asking, and to ask for it does not commit you in any way. This coupon is for your use—send it to-day.

SEND FOR FASCINATING FREE BOOK ON KNITTING—*NOW.*

"JOHN BULL" FREE COUPON

To THE South British Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
Dept. 64c, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. 1.

Please send me your illustrated booklet on Home Knitting. I enclose 1d. stamp to cover postage. This does not place me under any obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

J.B., April 14, 64C.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

The "Black" Knight and C.B.

by HARRISON OWEN

WHEN Sir Alfred Butt and C.B. Cochran were placed in the dock on a charge of employing coloured labour, to the detriment of home-grown theatrical performers, and to the manifest boredom of certain of His Majesty's liege subjects, the court was crowded with out-of-work revue artists, chorus girls and "extra ladies."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., representing the Actors' Association, the Variety Artistes' Federation and the theatre-going public, said that both the accused had imported from Georgia and Alabama, via Broadway, troupes of coloured performers to take part in revues. How they managed to get round the Aliens Restriction Order, 1920, which provides that an employer proposing to import foreigners to work in this country must certify that no British labour will thereby be displaced, was a mystery.

"An even greater mystery," continued Mr. Watchdog, "is why theatrical traders, who boast of knowing exactly what theatre-goers want, should imagine that they want to be deafened with negroid noise and bored with ditties extolling the alleged beauties of piebald American States, in which they are not in the least interested. If these dusky noise-makers are really yearning to go back to their homes in dear old Dixie, or wherever it is the black-eyed Susans grow, I am sure the average theatre-goer will do nothing to prevent them.

"Certainly the first night audience at 'The Rainbow' did not seem to be particularly delighted that the Empire had been turned into a sort of Uncle Tom's Jazz Cabin, and it was generally agreed that the most exciting feature of the evening was the protest made by Jack Edge, the white comedian, against the cutting of his part. The cries of 'We want Jack Edge' and 'Send the niggers back,' should have convinced those concerned that neither Butt's blacks nor Cochran's coons are likely to become popular features of the theatrescape."

MR. Strawsplitter, who appeared for both the accused, said that his clients had always taken for their motto "Art for art's sake" and were not concerned with sordid box-office considerations.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Strawsplitter, "the artistes whose importation has aroused so much criticism are not nearly so black as they have been painted. Most of them are the colour of café au lait, while their teeth and eyeballs are whiter than driven snow."

The Court adjourned for the jury to witness the performances, and when the twelve good men and true filed back into the box (most of them were rubbing their eyes) the foreman announced that the verdict was "Guilty."

"Having seen and heard—indeed, a deaf man might have heard—these performers," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "I am not impressed by Mr. Strawsplitter's eulogy of their artistry. I am aware that we Judges are not assumed to know much about everyday matters, but I have been a theatre-goer long enough to know that it is not necessary to send to America for actors.

"I think the most appropriate punishment I can inflict is to order that both these productions shall be kept on for twelve months. If the theatre-going public is sufficiently interested in coal-black mummers to pay to see their antics during this period the prisoners will not suffer financially. On the other hand, if, as I feel convinced will be the case, the public stays away from their theatres, Mr. Cochran and Sir Alfred Butt will not, I am sure, object to the monetary loss in which the pursuit of their artistic ideals will have involved them."

THE NINTH WINS!

Sergeant Murphy's Grand National and the Magical Number

JUST before the Grand National we ventured to remind our sporting readers of the magical properties associated with the Ninth, and hinted that a contribution of a ninth of the money in their pockets on the morning of the great steeplechase or a ninth of their stakes would prove not only a blessing to many harassed souls who appeal for help to "The Greatest of These—" Fund but also a source of good fortune to themselves.

The immediate response was very gratifying, as might be expected from such open-hearted and open-handed fellows as the bulk of British racegoers. But the sequel was surprising.

The Grand National was won by the Ninth!

How many punters who ignored our hint and our appeal noticed, when they opened their morning papers on the day of the race and scanned the probable starters and jockeys, that *Sergeant Murphy was ninth in the list?*

Judging by the number of letters enclosing contributions which we have since received from gratified backers of the old Sergeant, the coincidence did not pass unnoticed among those who responded to our reminder.

There is a typical letter from a reader who signs himself "No. 13."

"Last week I sent a contribution of 'One Ninth' to your 'Greatest of These—' Fund in the hope that it would do a bit of good to some unfortunate person out of luck, and also incidentally to break the bad luck attached to No. 13 that has dogged me persistently.

"It may interest you to know that the very day the donation was sent off I 'struck oil,' and was able to find the winner of the Grand National.

"I had occasion, early on the day of the race, to write down the date, which I wrote as '23.3.23.' I was struck with the number of threes, there being three of them, making No. 9, the lucky number. The sum total of the figures added together made thirteen, which also struck me as being significant.

"On looking through my morning paper later I discovered that No. 9 in the list of runners was Sergeant Murphy. He was a thirteen-year-old horse, and, like myself, he had hitherto had bad luck in this race.

"It all seemed to me to point to No. 9 being a 'dead, stone-cold cert.,' and my surmise proved correct."

We have received many other similar letters, and a large number of contributions from anonymous donors to be ascribed to "Sergeant Murphy's Ninth."

IN a lesser degree, White Bud, the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, contributed to our charitable work, for we received a number of small sums to be credited to the long-priced outsider. Some of these came from poor punters who sent us ninths of their winnings on sixpenny bets. So far, however, we have not been favoured with any portion of the large sums which are said to have been won on ante-post wagers by a fortunate few North of the Tweed.

HERE is a letter from a working man in an agricultural district in one of the Southern Counties:

"Last week I sent you a ninth of my pay, and on the Monday I won twenty-three bob, so this week I send you five shillings from my winnings and another ninth of my pay, knowing that through your great kindness it will do some poor soul a bit of good."

It is chiefly through the great kindness of such generous-hearted contributors, who themselves know the struggles of poverty, that we are enabled to restore hope to fainting hearts and help those in the depths of despair.

Here is another letter:—

"My Ninth herewith, and I'm most heartily sorry that I have not made it a weekly offering for the blessings which the good Lord has showered upon me. Though I'm not a rich person and it is sometimes difficult to spare, for the future I shall endeavour to assist those whom you are good enough to select for help."

Do you wonder that those who send their Ninths in such a spirit are blessed with good fortune? We don't.

Perhaps that is the real secret of the Magic of the Ninth.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Ninth" (Hull), 10s.; "Hipo," 1s.; "Beggar," 2s. 10d.; "Beaver," 2s. 2½d.; "Islander," 6s.; C. A., 1s. 3d.; Anon., 6d.; "X Y. Z.," 1s.; S. E., 2s.; "Fourth Ninth," 1s. 7d.; J. H. (Canada), 5s.; "Dundee," 1s.; "Cheerio," 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; G. D., 1s. 3d.; J. D., 1s.; M. E., 1s. 1d.; L. E., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. F. J., parcel; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. L. L., 6d.; W. M., 5d.; E. S., 6d.; "In Memory of Corrie," parcel; H. D., 6d.; "Ex-R.A.F.," parcel; F. J. W., 6d.; R. E., 6d.; J. E. J., 6d.; L. K. W., 1s.; "Edith," 10d.; W., £1; "Buxton," 1s. 1d.; Mrs. C., 2s.; J. T. S. S. (Natal), 2s. 2d.; Mrs. F. D. N., parcel; "Hundredth Chance," 1s.; "Bodmin," 6d.; "Another Mite," 9d.; E. M. H., 6d.; Mrs. D. S., 4d.; "Leesudden," parcel; Mrs. M. T., 6d.; N. L. G., parcel; F. E. S., 1s. 6d.; J. D., 9d.; Mrs. G., 9d.; "Searbrelife," 1s. 4½d.; "Romanus," 1s. 7d.; W. and A. M. B., 6d.; J. P. R., 1s.; "Todmorden," 1s. 6d.; Mrs. F., 6d.; "Two Almost Broke," 60 cents; A. L. M., 6s.; A. E., 7s.; G. H. (Bloemfontein), 1s. 6d.; H. K., 3s. 4d.; "Bullets Better," 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Rhodesia), 2s.; "Many a Mickle," 2½d.; "Tunbridge Wells," 1s.; A. F., 2s. 6d.; "Blackboy," 5½d.; "Printer's Pie," 6d.; "Two Different Ninths," 2s. 6½d.; "Taffy," 2s. 9d.; "Mother," 9d.; "Bristol," 7½d.; Anon., 1s.; "Ideal," 2s. 7½d.; "Alderney," 6½d.; E., 1s.; "Stumpo," 2s.; "Pat," 1s.; Anon., 3d.; "Unemployed," 1s. 6d.; "Unsuccessful Bullet Writer," 10½d.; "Whip," 2s. 2d.; A. S., 2s.; "Two Poor Ninths," 3s. 6d.; J. G., 2s.; "Lone Widow," 1s. 6d.; "Wellwisher," 1s. 9d.; F. W. P., 1s. 2d.; "Jay Ess" (Scottock), 2s.; "Moralagside," 4½d.; C. M., 9d.; M. C., 10½d.; "Blue Merle," 2s. 3d.; A. B., 2s. 6d.; "XIth Feet. Ninth and a Bit," £3; "Wellwisher" (South Africa), 1s. 9d.; "Pulau Tikus" (Penang), 18s. 6d. and 5 cents; J. and R. T., 2s. 4d.; "Day" (India), 5s. 6d.; M. M., 2s. 6d.; R. J. A., 8d.; H. J. F., 1s. 3d.; "O.S," 7d.; "Tom," 1s.; W. C., 1s. 4d.; J. A. W., 6½d.; "A Friend," 2s. 1d.; O. J. C., 2½d.; A. M. T., 1s.; "Slough," 1s.; E. C. (Pimlico), 5s.; V. P., 4d.; Anon., 1s. 8d.; "Target" (Yeovil), 1s.; "Hertford Heath," 4½d.; A. B. C., 2s. 6d.; "Bulleteer," 1s.; "Cornwall," 1s. 1½d.; J. H., 1s.; R. E., 3½d.; "Scot Skye," 2s.; "Competitor," 1s. 6d.; "Mary," 6d.; "Unlucky Dog," 1s.; "Tommy," 1s.; J. W. A., 10s. 6d.; "Bradford," 4s. 10d.; "Weekly," 3d.; 19224, 1s.; T. J. E., 2s. 6d.; "Capricorn," 9d.; "Joppa," 2s. 9d.; Mrs. C. O., 2s. 6d.; G. M., 2s.; "Wireless," 5s.; "Ole Bill, Egbert and Jenny," 1s. 6d.; "Faith," 11d.; P. J., 6s. 6½d.; "Felix-towe," 1s.; "Washed Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Unlucky Widow," 9½d.; "Hopeful," 1s. 6d.; J. R., 8d.; A. G. G., 2s.; I. D. G. C., 6d.; "Hopeful Bulleteer," 6d.; "R." (Elgin Avenue), 7s. 6d.; A. K. D., 4s.; "Prospects," 2s.; L. W., 1s.; "The East Calls," 1s. 6d.; "Gainsboro'," 1s.; "Doris," 2s. 7d.; C. A., 1s.; J. H., 4529, 12s.; G. L., 11d.; L. V. and M. M., 1s. 7d.; "Unemployed," 1s. 6d.; "Friend Geddes," 1s.; R. M. S., 5d.; "Honest Working Man," 6d.; "Sympathy," 2s.; "Bristol," 3d.; "Homend," 1s.; A. F., 1s.; "Keasuch," 6s.; Mrs. R. E., 1s. 6d.; "Gillingham," 1s. 9d.; J. R. S., 1s.; "Betty" (Ripon), 5s.; "Four Kisses for Luck," 2s.; "Oxford," 6d.; "In Memory of Frank and Henry," 12s.; "Abdul Hamid Sheik," 6d.; "Clip," 6d.; "Jim," 2d.; "Folkestone," 4½d.; "Jessie," 1s.; W. (East Grinstead), 1s. 7d.; A. E. D., 2s. 3d.; N. J. E., 6s. 6d.; "Bedley Beat," 9d.; Anon., 2s. 1d.; "Okey," 1s. 6½d.; E. M. R., 1s.; O. J. D., 2s. 6d.; "Dibs," 1s. 1½d.; "68," 7½d.; "One of the First of Foot," 1s.; H. G. D., 3s. 8d.; Anon., 2d.; "B'hem Ninth," 2s. 3d.; S. A. R. and Co., 1s. 6d.; C. P. O., 2s.; G. McP., 5s.; "Two Ninths," 1s. 4d.; R. A. P., junr., 10s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "Nuff Sed," 1s.; M. P., 1s. 2d.; "Grateful" (Pembridge), 10s.; "Ex-Commo," 10½d.; "Faith," 1s.; M. J., 5d.; A. K. (Ashton-u-Lyne), 10s.; "Midget," 5d.; "Observful Giver," 4d.; "Crock," 1s. 1½d.; "Leslie," 1s. 4½d.; "Jemmy," 7½d.; "Peterborough," 1s.; "Fifth," 2s.; "Unemployed," 2s. 6d.; "Unemployed," 6d.; C. C. (Newark), £1; D. R., 1s. 3d.; "Victor," 10s.; T. B., 7½d.; F. S., 6d.; "Grasfood," 2s.; M. J., 5d.; "Neyland Sport," 6d.; "Here's Luck," 1s. 2d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

A Divorce Problem.

"SIXTEEN years ago my sister married a man about whom we knew comparatively little save that he was always well dressed, and said he earned a good salary. For a year their married life was fairly happy, then he began a course of calculated cruelty. He talked of his 'affairs' with other women, and taunted his wife with the fact that she no longer held his affections. She bore his taunts with fortitude and strove, vainly, to win him back, but he became more open in his amours.

"A separation order has been refused; a divorce is impossible because, although unfaithful, the husband has never struck her. She must either go back to her martyrdom, or leave him and work to maintain herself and the children without any help from him."

"Humanist" says: *A very difficult problem, which would be easily solved if the divorce laws were intelligent. It is disgraceful that the woman should have no relief. It looks as though the law in this respect will soon be altered.*

Neighbours' Tittle Tattle.

"TWO years ago my husband was lying at death's door with a growth on the spine. The doctors said that an operation would kill him, and that nothing could be done. However, he is now as well and active and able to work as he was before he was taken ill.

"A little while ago I gave birth to my ninth child—a beautiful, healthy baby. But people all round are saying most unkind things and shunning me, which I feel very much. They think that I should not have had any more children, as they say the child is sure to inherit her father's complaint. Do you think this possible?"

"Humanist" says: *It is hardly likely that such a disorder will be inherited. Your neighbours are merely displaying the impertinent prejudice which is characteristic of ignorance. Take no notice of them.*

His Peevish Wife.

"I AM married—comparatively happily—and have three children. My wife has never enjoyed very good health, and in the past few years, probably owing to her nervous condition, has become peevish and querulous to the point of hysteria. This, of course, is gradually but surely inducing a similar condition in the children, who are by nature of a sunny and joyous disposition, but who, like all children, reflect the dominant tone of their surroundings.

"I cannot stand idly by and watch this distortion of my children's temperaments, which will go far towards spoiling their future happiness. The only solution I can see is to send them away to a boarding school. This, however, is vehemently opposed by my wife, who is passionately fond of them, and cannot bear to be parted from them even to this extent. I feel, however, that it is my duty to minimise as far as possible the effect of the atmosphere created by their mother."

"Humanist" says: *In any circumstances, if you can afford to send them, as apparently you can, boarding school life is a happy one for children, and certainly gives them a good start off in life. It is sheer selfishness to keep them at home. I think you should be firm and have your own way.*

A Self-Made Snob.

"AN ambitious friend of mine, at the age of fifteen, left his very poor home to live with his uncle, gaining a small post in a Government office and quickly rising, until he now moves in a much higher social circle than his parents. His home is such a poor one, and his parents appear to have no desire to improve it. His father draws only a meagre wage, it is true, but he could secure a better job if he were more awake.

"He cannot talk about his home to his friends. Must he continue his rising career, and, to enhance the possibilities of striking high in life, gradually sever himself and his connections from his unambitious parents, or must he stick to them and endeavour to provide for them a better home?"

"Humanist" says: *This is typical of one of the worst and commonest forms of snobbery. It is difficult to see how his poor home can interfere with his chances of rising in life, and the suggestion that he should sever himself from his parents is a monstrous piece of selfishness. Undoubtedly he should let them share in his greater prosperity.*

Her One Fault.

"I HAVE one of the best wives and most industrious about the home. But her one fault is this: If I go out, she wants to know where I have been, and if I am ever a little late she thinks I have been with women.

"I have remonstrated with her, and she says she is jealous, as there are so many women about who try to take on other women's husbands, and she loves me too much and cannot help thinking as she does.

"Now I am a clean living man. I take my wife out as often as I can; I get home from work as soon as I can. But I cannot stand this everlasting suspicion, and so I have threatened to leave her. Would I be justified in doing so?"

"Humanist" says: *You have no justification for leaving your wife. All you can do is, by avoiding the slightest ground for suspicion, to hope gradually to wean her from her unreasonable jealousy.*

A Vampire's Prey.

"I ENTERED the Army from Sandhurst, having an income of £150 a year besides my pay. After a few years' service I was sent to India, where one could live very well upon the money I had, and an uncle dying and leaving me £3,000, I felt that the future was rosy. Then I met a girl whose brother was in my regiment, and I understood that she had means of her own—at any rate, she could afford to make the annual trip to India. We became engaged, and from time to time I sent her large sums of money to buy and furnish a house, her brother having promised me a very excellent billet—he being reputedly a rich man and a big landowner.

"When I came home I discovered that every penny I had sent had been returned to her brother. He had neither money nor land, and she was with her parents in Pimlico. I found out that her trips to India were financed by a man 'friend' whom she has since married.

"I am now broke, having realised my capital and given up my profession. I saw her only yesterday in Bond Street, and was tempted to tear away the pearls she was wearing—she married a well-to-do City man and has a house in Mayfair. What ought I to do? I still love her."

"Humanist" says: *See a solicitor and begin an action against the woman to recover the money she has obtained from you.*

The Would-be Suicide.

"I AM 33 years of age, but was crippled by an accident when I was about 12. I have a dear old mother and several brothers, who are all very good to me. It is they who keep me. One of them sent for me from America many years ago to try to get me cured. He spent several hundred pounds, but without any benefit to me. I came home 15 years ago, and it was then discovered I had a tumour on the spine. I was operated on, but left a hopeless cripple.

"Since the operation I am in continual pain, which sometimes gets so bad that I have to use morphia for relief. The pain recurs so often that I get into the drug habit. Then I fight the pain and the drugs, and have conquered it many times, but it leaves me weaker every time.

"I feel it is such a useless struggle for me, and an unnecessary expense and trouble for my mother and brothers. I cannot walk without assistance. Would I therefore be justified in ending it once and for all, or must I remain to suffer indefinitely, and by doing so cause others to be wretched?"

"Humanist" says: *The advice I give is easy to offer—hard to take. You must endure. No man is justified in ending his own life, whatever excuse or reason there be.*

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR-NOISES.

QUICK AND EASY HOME CURE.

Send to-day for Sir Hiram Maxim's Book of Advice and Learn the Secret. It is FREE.

No need to continue suffering. Sir Hiram Maxim, the great inventor and scientist, has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their occupation, he has published a most interesting little book called "The Home Doctor" which will be given free to all who apply for it. The thousands already cured include sufferers from

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES, COLDS & COUGHS, ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS.

A Doctor (M.D., London) going so far as to say that the immediate relief obtained was almost magical. It will be found that after following the advice given in the book, the Catarrh, Cough, or tightness is relieved, and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop, the stuffiness in nose and the uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose is checked, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly.

An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure will take place in a short time.

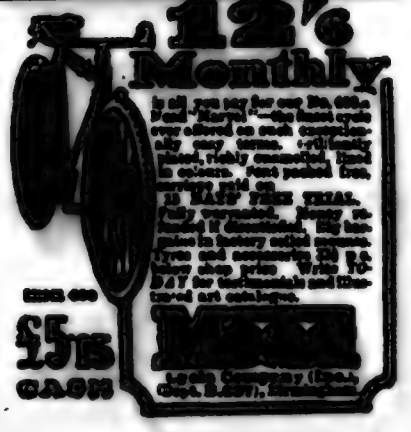
THIS GIFT BOOK will be sent on receipt of name and address.

Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. Simply send your name and address to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, J. M. Richards and Sons, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

PERFECT-FITTING LOUNGE SUIT on EASY TERMS from 63/- to measure. Supplied on first payment of 8/-, balance 8/- monthly. The finest Suit values ever offered, in all the latest cloths and colourings—Serges, Worsteds, Cashmeres, Tweeds, etc. Cut, made and finished by master-craftsmen. Call at any of our establishments for free patterns and style booklet, or write and they will be sent free together with our simple self-measurement form.

BENSONS

69, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (corner of Queen Street)
197, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1 (opp. Bond Lane)
259, STRAND, W.C. (opposite Gaiety Theatre)
91, EDGWARE ROAD, W. (near Marble Arch)
94, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (next to Gaiety)
96a, GOLDHAWK Rd. W. (nr Shepherd's Bush Green)
71, 72, 73a, CAMDEN Rd., Camden Town, N.W.
Benson & Co. Ltd. Est. 1885.



12/6 Monthly

In all you pay for our Rs. 600 "Hand-Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Artistically plated, richly enamelled, black or colours. Post paid from

21 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled machines. Tyres and accessories 25% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illustrated art catalogue.

MARVEL

£5 19s CASH

Sports and by ROWLEY

THE "BOOKIES'" BADGE—THE "DARK 'UN" OF THE YEAR—KEMPTON NOTES.

THERE has appeared in Tattersall's, during the past year, and not only in Tatts but in the silver ring, a golden badge which is not without significance. It is worn on the lapel of most bookmakers, and marks the wearer as a member of the Bookmakers' Protection Association, by far the sanest and, from the backers' point of view, the most beneficial move made by the layers for many years.

Destroying the Welsher.

The B.P.A. are destroying that pest of the Turf, the welsher. You will see the badges on the hill at Epsom, and you will even find them at the little point-to-point meetings. Let me urge every reader who goes racing, and particularly those who haven't the money to go into the rings, to bet with the men of the golden badge. The B.P.A. has done a lot to stamp out the gangs of blackmailers who preyed indiscriminately upon bookmaker and punter alike. Incidentally, we shall find that racing is safer this year than ever it has been in consequence of the badgemen's activities.

Crowded Kempton.

I don't think I ever saw such a crowd at Kempton as on Easter Monday. Even the members' enclosure was crowded, and getting home by road after 5 o'clock was a perfectly painful business. Most of the traffic bound Londonward has to cross Richmond Bridge, and Richmond is a death-trap to progress at the best of times. There were some cars that took two hours to get from Twickenham to Richmond. Isn't it about time Richmond Bridge was scrapped?

Two Big Horses.

I am told that Blandford is standing his preparation for the Jubilee excellently well. This horse has been difficult to get to concert pitch—he is undoubtedly the finest horse in England when he is at his best, but he requires a tremendous lot of care. The news I have about Captain Cuttle is that he will not be ready before Ascot—if then.

About Town Guard.

There are moments when I regret my temerity in opposing Town Guard for the classics this year, and especially is this the case when I hear such wonderful reports about the fine progress this horse is making. But I confess that I do not like horses of this character that have been fairly and squarely beaten by animals of their own age. You bear a lot of twiff about Town Guard not being fit on the day he was beaten by Papyrus, but we have Mr. Gilpin's authority for the statement that he was very well and confidently expected. He ran then like a non-stayer, in fact Pharos put up a better show against Twelve Pointer than did Town Guard against his conqueror.

The "Dark 'Un" of the Year.

It is a thousand pities that Verdict isn't in any of the classics. One that is, however, is Heliaster, a very taking Sunstar colt, who made a hack of Legend on Easter Monday. It was Heliaster's second appearance. His first was as a two-year-old when he ran green and unbacked. You might remember that this fellow is in the Guineas, Derby and St. Leger, and though I'm not saying that he is a wonder, I shouldn't be surprised to see him beat more fancied candidates on Guineas Day. There is a possibility that he is the "dark 'un" of the year.

Kempton Notes.

Rosmoyne would have beaten Recess in the two miles if little Smirke hadn't collided with the rails. The boy showed wonderful pluck to finish as strongly as he did, remembering that his foot was so badly lacerated that he had to go to hospital immediately afterwards. Another that ought to have won was Lady Sleipner. She is a bit of a beast, and has to be ridden very gingerly. Another dog horse that tried to turn it up was Telepathy. He had the race won when he started to put his toes into the ground, and it was only Archibald's vigorous riding that got him the race.

Naked Truth about Betting.

We have read a great deal of high-falutin' rubbish about racing, but here is the naked truth. A horse, however good he may be, does not win unless his connections have backed him. If he does win, then the jockey has backed him and "shopped" his bosses. In the Lincolnshire, horses belonging to some of the greatest figures in the racing world were either not having a go, or were "continuing their training." There were about seven or eight triers—nine, including Tons of Money.

New Names for Old.

Please remember these newly named horses.

Ran last year as	*This year*
Belle Royal c.	Royal Grosvenor.
Aviona f.	Aviona Grosvenor
Faverolle f.	Blinking Pet.
Flute c.	Piper's Son.
Galante c.	Top Gallant.
Irish Maiden c.	Irish Delight.
Lady Desmond f.	Lady Argala.
Mountain Fairy c.	Stowmarket.
Nicotine c.	Old Nick.
Roya g.	Rugeley.
Scala c.	Agenda.
Sunshot f.	Well Shot.
Verne f.	Vernal.
Wagtail c.	Wild Duck.

SELECTIONS.

LINGFIELD (WEDNESDAY).

1.50 Dazzle (Golden Knight).
2.20 Cortona (Benula, Moidore).
2.50 Helenora (Last Dart, Front Row).
3.20 Old Bo* (Heliaster, Free From Pride).
3.50 Weed-Killer (Wayfarer, Thoughtless).
4.20 Vermeera (Woodman, Orange River).

LINGFIELD (THURSDAY).

1.50 Blackacre (Codenda Filly, Sure Gain).
2.20 Lady Diana (Galway Prince, Hogier).
2.50 Roman Bachelor (Roman Fiddle).
3.20 Yowden (Ilma Demuska, John Charles).
3.50 Back Stair* (Miss Grits Filly).
4.20 American Boy (Vencedora, Detrimental).

PONTEFRACT (WEDNESDAY).

1.45 King Willow (Leeds United, Kilnwick).
2.15 Glowing Partner (More Rain).
2.45 Pere la Cerise (Snow Orby, Viviani).
3.15 Silver Grass (Mosbite, Parth).
3.45 Betsy Jane Gelt (Kitty Tyrrel).
4.15 Sir Greysteel (Jazz Band, Gallant Spear).

PONTEFRACT (THURSDAY).

1.45 Teronita (Bella Do).
2.15 More Rain (Dart Up).
2.45 Punta Gorda Gelt (Little Red Rat).
3.15 Hunting Song (Wild Mint, Francis Joseph).
3.45 Glory Bank (Beda).
4.15 Whipping Boy (Silver Band).

NEWBURY (FRIDAY).

2.0 Vivacious Filly (Scratch, Piccadilly).
2.30 Hector (Ilderton, Killesher).
3.10 Old Bo (Friar, Shrove).
3.45 Wild Mint (Crowdennis, Alderney).
4.15 Spun (Rosemead, D'Orsay).
4.45 Locmaria Filly (Grand Excel).

NEWBURY (SATURDAY).

2.0 Argosi Beautiful Maud).
2.30 Fancy Man (Cortona, Bantry).
3.10 Brokwenzen (Formovo, Merrigit).
3.40 Grand Lassie (Zoza).
4.15 Ballyrag* (Santabel, Active Lad).
4.45 Legend (Moonsie, Rugeley).

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

There is no "flat season" in *Bullets*—this week the first prize has "jumped" to £1,000. Are *you* a starter?

* * *

Follow Milewater in sellers. This one was second to Spike Island in the Irish Derby.

* * *

If you don't want to get welshed, bet with the badge-men on the course.

* * *

I know a man who had £3,000 on Chin Chin for the Lancashire Steeplechase—and he wasn't a mug.

* * *

The Club stands at Alexandra Park are now excellent.

* * *

If you can get 100 to 1 about Heliaster for the Derby, get it.

* * *

I can't give any information about the Calcutta Sweep.

* * *

R. A. Jones will soon be coming into form.

* * *

Donoghue always starts the season by riding a few long-priced winners.

* * *

Don't forget that Musical Ride c. was unlucky. He may win at Lingfield.

* * *

Tons of Money runs at Newbury—eh, I believe, does Lady Sleipner.

* * *

Fort Royal is in physic.

* * *

Re-echo is the book favourite for the City and Suburban.

* * *

Here's a treble: Bellman (Chester Cup), Re-echo (City and Suburban), Blandford (Jubilee).

* * *

Argo wants a man in the saddle.

* * *

Bellman, a rare stayer, looks like being wanted for the Chester Cup.

* *

Silver Grass has won a good trial, and is much fancied for the One Thousand Guineas.

* * *

Lord Coventry must regret not having entered VERDICT for this race, as her Birmingham performance stamps this filly a "smasher."

* * *

It was a case of "stooping to conquer" when the connections of PSYCHOLOGY condescended to pick up a minor event like that at Castle Bromwich the other day.

* * *

There will not be much ante-post betting on the City and Suburban. It is difficult to get bookmakers to make an offer against RE-ECHO.

The Best Thing of the Week is

BALLYRAG

At Newbury on Saturday.

Established 26 Years.
MESSRS.
WHITE, FISHER & CO.,
144B, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.
"City and Sub."
AND
"Derby"
Price Lists issued Daily.
One-third the Odds a Place.
FOOTBALL
Apply for particulars of
£1,000 BONUS.
A few vacancies for Agents.
Liberal Commission.
Apply for Particulars. Credit only.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO.
DAVID COPE and ALFRED H. MAURICE,
25, North Albion St., Glasgow
YOU ARE ON if your LETTER CONFIRMING BET Time Stamped 12 minutes before Time of Race. WIRE, City and Suburban, Jubilee, St. Leger and Derby Price List on Application. PAYMENT BEFORE RACES WIRED—OR BY RETURN OF POST. EXACT MARKET PRICES guaranteed on future events 1/5-4 ODDS FOR PLACES on all future event commences one. PLACE BETTING when favourite starts odds on. 1/5 odds when 5, 6 or 7 runners. FOR CREDIT ACCOUNTS ONLY, APPLY TO—
DAVID COPE,
97, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SECURITY
AND
CHARLES VILLIERS
CHAPMAN
(*Member of the leading Sporting Clubs.*)

What the Press says:

THE SPORTSMAN.—"During the whole of his career as a Turf Accountant no unsatisfied claim has ever been made against him. He employs a large capital in his business, which enjoys a high reputation for fair dealing and integrity."

THE SPORTING LIFE.—"The business of Mr. Chapman is one of the very largest of its kind in the world. Obligations are fully and honestly met."

STARTING PRICE ACCOUNTS OPENED.
NO LIMIT WHATSOEVER on Singles, Doubles, Trebles and Accumulators (Win and Place). Wires lost in transmission are allowed in full.
CITY AND SUBURBAN AND DERBY.
ONE-THIRD ODDS FOR A PLACE ON FUTURE EVENTS.
WRITE FOR LIST OF PRICES.
Settlements by Banknotes or Cheque, at Option of Clients.
Write for Terms, stating requirements, to—
58a, BROMPTON RD. LONDON, S.W. 3
Telephone No.: 7880 KENSINGTON (10 lines).
Telegrams: "Repayable, Knights, London."
NOT REPRESENTED ON ANY RACE COURSE.

Sportsmen

MILE

HORSES TO FOLLOW—AN X-RAY ON THE YEAR'S FOOTBALL—AND ITS PLAYERS

HORSES WORTH WATCHING.

Ballyrag (4 yrs.).—When hunting Roman Fiddle home at Nottingham, this colt was apparently unfancied, and it might have been considered he was short of a gallop or two. It may also have been thought that the distance was too far for him, though, as a son of Feather Bed, he should stay any course in reason.

Blackland (5 yrs.).—This horse was one of the unlucky ones at Lincoln, losing upwards of half-a-dozen lengths at the start. He has several engagements in the near future, and should win whenever his day arrives.

Shady Lake (4 yrs.).—Owing to one cause or another, this useful colt failed to quite reproduce last season the smart form he displayed as a two-year-old. He has, however, been going very well of late, and is confidently expected to win a race in the near future.

Agrom (3 yrs.)—This colt, one of the numerous progeny of Son-in-Law under the charge of "Reggie" Day, will be found very useful when his hour comes. In addition to plenty of stamina, he boasts a fair turn of speed.

Cranford Filly (3 yrs.)—A daughter of that highly-successful sire, Hurry On, this young lady may be truthfully described as one of the smartest two-year-olds at headquarters. She must not be missed when her day arrives.

Vigneron (3 yrs.)—Known last year as the Vulpina colt, this son of Friar Marcus will be found a much improved animal this season. He missed an engagement at Newcastle last week, which appeared at his mercy.

Herripit (4 yrs.)—This filly, who will be remembered as a smart two-year-old, could not be properly trained last year owing to the hard ground. She has done well during the recess, and is expected to win a race or two.

Irette (3 yrs.)—One of the speediest three-year-olds in training. As she showed last year, the filly goes very fast from slips, and is especially worth notice for sprint handicaps on easy courses.

Bourton Dock (5 yrs.)—Considering that she was running a bit out of her class, this mare did not do at all badly at Kempton Park. She would be a pretty good thing in a mile "seller."

Trevico (4 yrs.)—This horse stuck well to Steamer at Birmingham on Bank Holiday, and has evidently not retrograded since last season. He will win handicaps at a mile and a half or thereabouts.

Bugsley (3 yrs.)—Inasmuch as he whipped round when the tapes were released last time he faced the starter, and was left at the post, it may be that this gelding's temper has got the better of him. As he was strongly fancied on that occasion, however, it might be advisable to give him another chance.

Hellbins (4 yrs.)—Since being transferred to the charge of "Jack" Jarvis, this horse has done uncommonly well. He should be noted for handicaps over a mile and a half or thereabouts.

The 'Spurs' and John Bull

Every member of this famous team is a registered reader of JOHN BULL. They are protected against risks "at home." Why don't you register too?

Forms on Page 2 of Cover.

THE event of the football year is the Cup Final. West Ham and Bolton Wanderers not only have the distinction of reaching the final, but the additional one of being the first teams to play on the new ground at Wembley, an enclosure which will be an eye-opener to the 100,000, and perhaps more, who will be there on Saturday fortnight. All we want then is fine weather and the best football each side is capable of handing out.

Two Styles in Final.

I feel somehow we are going to have an historic match. There is not quite the same appeal about either West Ham or Bolton Wanderers as with such clubs as Aston Villa, Newcastle, Sunderland and Everton, as these were 20 years ago, but each of the teams in its different style can play very entertaining football. That of Bolton is the more subtle, but that the go-ahead methods of West Ham are difficult to cope with is shown in their recent scoring feats. Ten goals in two Easter matches, both played on the grounds of their opponents, is quite enough advertisement for the West Ham attack.

Bolton Scheme.

Bolton have developed an unusual, if not novel scheme. Joe Smith and Jack, their inside forwards, lie well behind their colleagues and only begin to move up when the attack warrants it. This does not lead to spectacular football; on the contrary, it cramps and slows up a game considerably. But it is another matter if it will succeed against West Ham, who, unlike Bolton, bank on their attack. The halves play well on top of the forwards, and the aim of the whole eight is speed on the ball. All the great teams of the past have put attack before defence, but there have been very few who have had the pace of the Londoners. It is with this and the continual first-time pass that West Ham have bewildered so many defences.

Who Will Win?

I am not sure if the Bolton defence is good enough to stop West Ham from getting at least a couple of goals. Seddon may be able to hold up Watson, but if Seddon concentrates on the centre-forward, Brown and Moore are more than good enough to make the most of the extra room given them. The other Bolton halves are not fliers. I do not suggest West Ham are going to lose their heads, but I think if anything beats them it will be nerves. At the same time, my tip is LONDON FOR THE CUP.

The Man in Charge.

The pinnacle of fame for a referee is to take charge of the Final, and I congratulate Mr. D. H. Asson, of West Bromwich, on his appointment. He has grounded his football knowledge in the best school, for he was first a player in the Black Country and a member of the Albion team. He has been on the referees' list ten years, and does his work without any ostentation. The players know that they cannot take any liberties with him, and that is always a sure sign of strength in a referee.

Man to Listen to.

I wish Jock Rutherford all the luck in the world in his departure from active football to take up the management of Stoke. Stoke have had an unlucky season and a heavy expenditure of cash—apparently about £10,000—does not promise to save them from relegation. What lies in front of their new manager is a development of new talent, and no young player could have a better mentor than Rutherford, provided he can take a telling.

Lawrence Doing Well.

Jimmy Lawrence, the old Newcastle United goalkeeper, has become an intense enthusiast for North End within a couple of months of taking over the management. Unlike his old colleague, Peter McWilliam, Jimmy gives vocal expression to his feelings during a match, but he is a very fair critic and can see the good points in the opposition. He should do the Preston team a lot of good if they will only act up to his advice. It is a hard job to get the modern young player to understand there is always something to learn.

Up and Down.

There are some momentous games ahead for the teams concerned in promotion. On the last day of all the issue may be decided, when West Ham entertain Notts County and Leicester City go to Bury. Then West Ham have to play Fulham twice, this week and next, and West Ham are not going to let their Cup engagement interfere with a further collection of points. I shall expect to see Stoke and Oldham Athletic lose their places in the premier division. They are not much worse than two or three of the others near them, but, candidly, some of their football has been rotten. Stoke, of course, have been unlucky in the injury line, and what this means is illustrated in the success of West Ham, who have had the same eleven in three games out of four.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 14.

(Nap Selections in Black Type.)

HOME WINNERS.

Arsenal, Blackburn, Bolton, Sunderland, Cardiff, Manchester C., West Bromwich, Barnsley, Blackpool, Bradford C., Palace, Derby C., Hull C., Leicester, Notts C., Wednesday, Southampton, Brentford, Bristol R., Charlton A., Merthyr, Plymouth, Barrow, Lincoln, Nelson, Rochdale, Aberdeen, Dundee, Falkirk, Hamilton A., Raith R.

AWAY WINNERS.

Tottenham, Swindon, Brighton, Bradford, Chesterfield, Crewe, Celtic, Rangers.

DRAWS.

Everton v. Aston V., Huddersfield v. Liverpool, Stoke v. Newcastle, Fulham v. W. Ham, Watford v. Bristol C., Norwich v. Millwall, Exeter v. Queen's P.R., Northampton v. Luton, Southport v. Halifax, Stalybridge v. Walsall, Wrexham v. Wigan, Allen v. Merton.

SUGGESTED COUPS.

3 Away:—Tottenham, Bradford, Rangers.

3 Draws:—Fulham v. W. Ham, Watford v. Bristol C., Norwich v. Millwall.

3 Home:—Arsenal, Bolton, W. Bromwich, Derby C., Southampton, Charlton, Nelson, Falkirk.

3 Home, 3 Away:—Arsenal, Bolton, Falkirk, Brighton, Bradford.

1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw:—Nelson, Celtic, Northampton v. Luton.

This Wonderful Book contains 144 PAGES 1102 ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUNDREDS of BARGAINS for CYCLISTS —and is FREE

This humorous publication represents the greatest achievement in Mail Order methods—methods that very considerably facilitate and absolutely Buying by Post. The FITZPATRICK SIXTH 1923 ensure the very HIGHEST MARKET VALUE. This remarkable book carries the FITZPATRICK STORE of CYCLES, TYRES and ACCESSORIES at the KEENEST CUT FACTORY PRICES for 1923, and is absolutely the GREATEST ASSET the keen value-seeker can HAVE in his possession

THE WORLD-FAMOUS "CAPTAIN" CYCLES

Prices from £5 : 5s. carriage paid on 14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

£2 better value than obtainable elsewhere. Guaranteed for unlimited time. Tyres with a world-wide reputation for all-round value. ACCESSORIES and SUNDRIES ALL AT PRICES BEYOND COMPETITION.

EASY PAYMENTS. FITZPATRICK'S CONVENIENT METHOD OF PAYMENT gives, on deposit of 5/-, immediate delivery of the WORLD-FAMOUS "CAPTAIN" BICYCLE. Balance payable in monthly instalments of 10/-.

GET THIS FREE BOOK. In securing a FITZPATRICK you incur no obligation to purchase. I am quite content to rest on the excellence of your cycle in the matter of value. Send a postcard—THE CYCLISTS' BARGAIN BOOK is yours. Don't trouble to write a letter—merely say "Send me FREE" on a postcard and this big book with its truly wonderful Bargains will be sent you by RETURN.

H. FITZPATRICK (Dept. 32E.P) BURNLEY

WHITELEYS
FAMOUS
KILDARE CYCLES
10/- monthly
You pay while you ride less than 5d. per day
World's best value. Every Cycle guaranteed 5 years
CARRIAGE PAID
Agents for James, Raleigh, Rudge, B.S.A., Sunbeams, Enfields, etc.
Price List Post Free.
£5 15s CASH
Wm. WHITELEY Ltd.
Queens Rd., London, W.2
Mention John Bull

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET

Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With a Home-Made Mixture.

Jolcey Williams, the well-known American actress, recently made the following statement about grey hair and how to darken it, with a home-made mixture:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken grey, streaked or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and ½ ounce of glycerine.

"These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

SURPLUS TOOLS
FOR CARPENTERS AND ENGINEERS.
ALL NEW AND GUARANTEED.
Send p.c. for Lists
Spiers Steel Plane, 8 by 2 in. blade.
Price 13/9
Cost 30/-
Ridge's Level, 8 in. Adj. and protected. Beautiful Tool. Half Price 6/6
Anvils, approx. 1 cwt. Carr. paid. 28/-
" 6 lbs. for fine work. Carr. Paid. 5/-
Stanley Planes, 9 x 2 in. 15/-
" " 13 x 2½ in. 18/-
" " 18 x 2½ in. 22/-
Set of 8 Taper Drills, 6/11
Set of 8 Twist Drills, up to ½ in. 2/8
Sets of Carp. Tools, Benches, 7 in. Carp. Vice, 18/6. Eng. Vices, Nests of 5 Saws, 4/3 Ebonite for Wireless, 3/11 per lb. Taps and Dies for ditto, B.A., B.S.F., W., M.M., Leather Belting less 30 per cent., British Belt Fasteners, 3/9 box. Garnet Cloth No. 4, 22/- Ream, cost 130.- Assorted Steel Nuts and Bolts, 12/- box. Wood Planing Machines, Swing Saws, £10 10 0. Lathes, Screwcutting, 5½ in. centres, 5 ft. V bed, £25. Chamois Leathers, full size, 2/6. Carr. Paid. Approval Terms. Send P.C. for Lists.
HARTLEY & CO.,
Water Street, Colne, Lancs.

Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Postcard Indecencies.

Brighton is notorious as the town of week-end brides. A bad name this, but deserved. There are other defilements there, however, and not hidden ones either. I refer to certain postcards exhibited in almost every stationer's window in the town. They may not strictly come under the category of "immoral," but they sail pretty close to the wind. They are, at any rate, immodest and exceedingly vulgar and are an affront to our intelligence. The "artist's" name on many of these productions is a good Scotch one, and I blush for my fellow-countryman.—*P. J. Mulgrew, Hallett's Farm, Ditchling Common, Hassocks, Sussex.*

Taxing Married Women.

Few people, except the poor victims, know that there is a special tax on married women in this country. I have an income of about £100 a year from investments. Before I got married I recovered the income-tax deducted from my dividends. When I became a wife my income was added to that of my husband, and the result is that I now get no income-tax refunded. In other words, I have to pay a special tax of ten shillings per week for entering the bonds of matrimony. Perhaps it serves me right, but all the same it is a most glaring injustice.—*Mrs. E. A., Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

"John Bull" Saves a Life.

JOHN BULL has been the means of saving my life. During the recent gales a high wall, about 50 feet long and 18 feet high, with deep trellis-work on top, was blown down; the wall stood to the left of my home, the back way of a gentleman's dwelling. I had the narrowest escape of being crushed under it, as I was just going out when the boy who brings the papers in the morning arrived with JOHN BULL, and, being a regular "Bulletz" competitor, I delayed going for a moment to peep in at the results. Just then the wall fell with a tremendous noise. But for JOHN BULL I should not now be telling the tale.—*Gitana Clements, 50, Cordon Street, Leamington.*

Death under Chloroform.

I should like to know why it is that so many deaths occur under anæsthetic. During the war I was an operating theatre attendant for eighteen months, during which time we averaged five operations a day, including some of the most dangerous and delicate cases the war produced, and yet there was only one direct case of "death while under anæsthetic." *Pure chloroform was never used.* The patient was put under anæsthetic with a mixture of alcohol, chloroform and ether, the alcohol acting as a stimulant for the heart. When well under, the mixture was changed for pure ether until the operation was completed.—*H. R., Fawcett Road, Southsea.*

The Right to—Legs.

A man who loses a leg does not entirely lose efficiency as a workman—if he has a good artificial substitute. This he can buy if he has the money. If not, he can either send the hat round and become a beggar in reality or retain self-respect by putting up with a cheap "peg," blatant sympathy, humour, constantly lacerated stump, and the appearance of a beggar after all. In humanity's name, let the Workmen's Compensation Act be amended to enable every workman who loses a limb to claim—not beg—two artificial ones that will pass the doctor.—*D. T. J., 8, Turberville Street, Llwynypia, Glam.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Birds-nesting Boys.

In the springtime a schoolboy's fancy lightly turns to birds-nesting. To form a collection of eggs is a natural ambition. The study of oology—the science of eggs—should be encouraged, providing this educating and interesting branch of natural history is carried out in a manner least harmful to our feathered songsters. There are laws for the protection of bird-life, but what do boys care about such things? It is obviously the duty of parents, especially the father, to explain that only two specimens of each egg are required to form a collection; taking more is needlessly cruel and unsportsmanlike. The average schoolboy put on his honour will keep his word, thereby saving thousands of smashed eggs, thoughtlessly gathered, and preserving for all Nature-lovers that exquisite music of the countryside.—*Norman Buchanan, 8, Kingsfield Terrace, Dartford, Kent.*

Modern Shylocks.

Drastic steps are needed to check the evil that is being done by a certain class of moneylender. Their rates of interest are amazing. In a recent case it was proved that the interest was five hundred per cent. Ruin and disaster are too frequently the lot of persons who fall into the clutches of these modern Shylocks. Can nothing be done to stop this illicit money-lending, which is a menace not only to society but to the genuine moneylender also?—*C. J. D., Durham.*

The Asses' Limit.

Don't you think there ought to be an age limit for the people who amuse themselves at fairs and seaside resorts by riding on donkeys. This pastime ought to be forbidden to grown-up people, who don't really enjoy it anyhow. The donkeys work hard for long hours, are often neglected by their owners, and cruelly treated by ignorant people who know nothing of riding. The sight of a fifteen-stone man on a four-foot donkey is as ludicrous as well as offensive.—*T. P. Page, Hampstead.*

Inefficiency in Private Schools.

I should like to utter a word of warning to parents who are so fortunately placed as to contemplate sending their youngsters to one of the many private schools which flourish in the land. These schools certainly do ensure that the child is reared in more snobbish surroundings, but this questionable advantage is more than counterbalanced by the poor quality of the teaching which is served up in these institutions. In many cases the very dregs of the teaching profession are engaged by the proprietors, who, of course, run matters as cheeseparingly as possible in order to maximise their profits. Profits are placed before results; high dividends before efficiency; the teachers' wages are like their qualifications—both very meagre. Parents who entrust their children to the care of such schools should not wonder at their backwardness.—*James M. Salford, Westminster.*

A Five-day Working Week.

At a time when the cry for an eight-hour day is universal it seems opportune to suggest a five-day working week. If the Saturday hours were added to the other days and we worked nine hours each day from Monday until Friday, and played on Saturdays, a great boon would be bestowed upon employer and employee alike. All the extra labour and cost of management now incurred on Saturday mornings would be dispensed with, and the continuity of labour on each working day would materially increase the output. As for the workers, they would have fifty-two holidays throughout the year, thus enabling them to devote an entire day each week to pleasure, recreation, study, or the like. As for Sunday, it could then be the day of rest for which it was decreed.—*G. Green, 7, Westley Cottages, Monument Road, Birmingham.*

People Who Want Water.

The people in authority here took advantage of the Government offer and decided to have some nice houses. Choosing a site, they commenced building, not thinking it necessary to have a water-diviner, their idea apparently being that wherever they chose to sink a well they would naturally find water. The spot decided upon was in the centre of the houses, and after boring 75 feet they discovered a trace of this valuable liquid. A pump was therefore erected. The tenants, after hours of pumping, were unable to get any result, so numerous complaints were made and the well was deepened. Still no water. These houses have now been occupied over twelve months, and rent and rates amounting to 8s. per week for the four smallest and 10s. for the others has been paid. To get water the occupiers have to beg, borrow or steal from somebody else's pump. Is it really not time that the authorities became aware of these unhealthy conditions and obviated them?—*W. S. Aldous, Elmswell, Bury St. Edmunds.*

Bonus Tea Canvassers.

A woman calls with a stereotyped statement thus:—"We wish to advertise our teas, and to the first 12 customers who purchase 1 lb. of tea per week for the next four weeks we guarantee to pay them the sum of £2 sterling." Such an attractive offer is immediately snatched by the average housewife, who promptly pays 8s. for 1 lb. of tea. She continues her purchases regularly for anything from nine to twelve months until she is so exasperated and disgusted that she gives it up in despair. This is, of course, exactly what the tea company desires. The outrage is generally perpetrated on the hard labouring classes, who can least afford to take risks. How people can have the brazen impudence to call at anyone's door week after week for months, with a cock and bull story, is, to say the least, remarkable. What is to be done to stamp it out? Here is an opportunity for our Labour M.P.s.—*J. W. McK.—Coatbridge, N.B.*

Only a Badger's Life.

Can the term "sport" be applied to a badger hunt which took place in my district? After the badger had fought for his life for two or three hours against three dogs, the huntsmen, unable to get at him, walled him up in his underground den, meaning to return in a few days to the "kill." Surely after so hard and brave a fight the badger had earned his liberty? Who could call the hunters sportsmen?—*J. A. P., Woodlands Cottage, Rawdon, nr. Leeds.*

"Whenever we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we will have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

'Yadil' is *the* Antiseptic sought for by Lister. It destroys, within the body, disease germs and poisons, without injury to internal organs. It will stamp out consumption and other infections.

MEDICAL REPORTS

PHTHISIS.
Please send 40 oz. of 'Yadil' Antiseptic. I am finding it most effective in phthisis.
—Medical Superintendent, —Sanatorium.

A GREAT WEAPON.
I am confident that its use will extend, as in 'Yadil' the Profession possesses a great weapon in combating disease and a remedy which has no injurious or depressing effect, in fact the reverse—a tonic and stimulating effect in addition to its destructive action in bacteria. —L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

PHTHISIS.
The first phthisis case I treated with 'Yadil' has made a most marvellous recovery. She weighs more and looks better than she ever did. A doctor who saw her in consultation with me gave her only a few weeks to live. She was an advanced case and looked like death when I began the treatment. She had every advantage, it is true, followed all my instructions exactly and lived for six months in a suitable tent getting all the fresh air possible. This, however, rarely saves any but the earliest cases. This case is almost a miracle. —M.B., Ch.B.

SEPTIC PNEUMONIA.
A bad case of Septic Pneumonia, when at its worst, developed also a septic throat, and the patient, who sadly needed nourishment, etc., could not swallow. He was at a very low ebb indeed, and looked in a hopeless condition, when it struck me that your strong 'Yadil' Jelly represented his only chance, and such it proved, and quickly, too. He is now well and at a convalescent home to finish his recovery. Also, I used it in a case of Aphthous Ulceration which nothing seemed to benefit, and although its action in this case was not so astonishingly rapid, it cured it absolutely. Another case was one of undoubted Diphtheria, which it cured in 18 hours.
—M.D., B.Ch.

LUPUS VULGARIS.
I thank you for sending me your information concerning 'Yadil' Antiseptic. Your preparation is not new to me as I have been using your ointment with success for two months past now. I have found it particularly beneficial as a dressing for advanced cases of Lupus Vulgaris. —M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

DIPHTHERIA CARRIER.
I have used 'Yadil' in the case of a boy who was a Diphtheria carrier without himself contracting the disease. "Positive" swabs were obtained after all routine treatment, but after twelve doses of 'Yadil' two "negative" swabs were obtained, and he has remained free ever since. —M.A., M.D., M.B.

TUBERCULOSIS.
A little over a year ago I was called in to see a lady, age about 40. She was very ill, weak, was running a temperature of 102 deg. daily and was coughing a great deal. On examination I found one lung to be completely affected by Tuberculosis and the other partly so at the apex. Another doctor was called in in consultation. After a careful examination we agreed that the patient could not possibly live long, probably not many weeks. I began to give her 'Yadil' Antiseptic, one drachm three times daily in milk. She very soon began to improve, she put on flesh, coughed less, and gained strength. By the end of August she was well enough to return to town. At this time she was again examined by the consultant who saw her previously and he was astonished at the improvement. She was eating, sleeping well, and gaining strength daily. At the end of a year this lady seems perfectly well. She is fatter than she has ever been in her life and is looking well. I consider this patient quite cured. There is now no cough. The complete cure has taken nearly a year, but considering the patient's condition the result is little short of a miracle. There is tuberculosis in the family. I do not consider this patient was a specially good subject for treatment, rather the other way. —M.B., Ch.B.

TUBERCULOSIS.
For several years past I have given special attention to the treatment of tuberculosis in its various forms, and have had very gratifying results. I find now that the addition of 'Yadil' to the mixture given enhances its beneficial effects, so that the combination is almost specific in the results obtained. I have not used 'Yadil' otherwise than in combination.
—L.R.C.P.I., L.M., L.R.C.S.I.

INFLUENZA: GOOD RESULTS.
Please send to Dr. —— two more gallons of 'Yadil.' He finds it is giving good results in the present influenza epidemic. —M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

ONE OF MY STOCK DRUGS.
Please send me another gallon of 'Yadil' Antiseptic. I have found it of great value in certain cases of lung affection and influenza. It now forms one of my stock drugs. — M.D., — Hospital.

INFLUENZA AND MEASLES.
I shall be glad if you will send half a gallon of 'Yadil' Liquid. I find it useful in the early stages of Influenza and Measles, as it prevents their going any further towards Bronchitis and Broncho-Pneumonia.
—L.M.S.S.A.

Send your name and address for post free Booklet on 'Yadil.'

The Problem

When I produced 'Yadil' some eight years ago, I knew that it was absolutely harmless, for it is entirely of vegetable origin. Its active principle is natural essential oil of garlic, rendered by my process non-tainting and non-irritant. But I had to prove its effectiveness as an antiseptic. Would it stand the test of medical experience? That was the anxious question.

A £25,000 Test

There was so much at stake in this matter that I decided to submit 'Yadil' to the severest possible test. First I used it in my own family for nearly fifteen months. Then for five months, from November, 1916 to May, 1917, it was used by a few doctors in hospital and medical practice. This medical test showed that suppurating war wounds, virulent sores, fevers, lung and chest disorders, yield promptly to 'Yadil.' I then offered it openly to the medical profession, and my first advertisements of 'Yadil' will be found in the issues of "The Lancet," "The British Medical Journal," "The Practitioner," of May, 1917. I wanted none but medical experience. This experience has cost me over £25,000. The results were amazing. They have never been equalled in the history of medicine.

The Proof

Medical reports received from every part of the Empire show that 'Yadil' is effective in the whole range of microbic infections. It destroys all disease germs not only in common disorders like measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria, bronchitis, influenza, pneumonia, erysipelas, coughs and colds, but also diseases reputed incurable, like cystitis, an eye trouble which leads to permanent blindness. Malaria and ague are stopped with a few doses. Inflammation of the bladder disappears when every other treatment fails. Internal tumours, tumours of the breast, appendicitis, and similar troubles for which operations are recommended, give way to 'Yadil.'

Consumption

The greatest success of 'Yadil' is in the treatment of consumption. I state definitely, on the strength of medical and other evidence, that four hundred thousand of the half million consumptives in the country can be restored to health by the 'Yadil' treatment (which includes pure air and pure food), and that the scourge could be stamped out in three years if the entire medical profession were to co-operate with me. There is no excuse whatever for the 80,000 fresh cases of consumption developing every year. These could be prevented by the simple and inexpensive means of treating with 'Yadil' all disorders leading to consumption. These disorders are pneumonia, pleurisy, coughs, colds, measles, scarlet fever, puerperal infection, bronchitis, catarrh, etc.

The Claims

When I offered my antiseptic to the medical profession, I never claimed that it would cure the formidable list of disorders mentioned above. I simply told the doctors that 'Yadil' is absolutely safe and never taints the breath or body. And I asked them to let me know their failures as well as their successes. I wanted to know, and could only learn from their own experience. The claims for 'Yadil' are those made by the doctors who use it. You will find over one hundred pages of medical and other evidence in THE YADIL BOOK. It is there for all to read. Secure a copy of this book. When it is studied in every home, and its advice followed, over two thousand lives will be saved every week in the British Isles alone.

THE YADIL BOOK

I want to put a copy of THE YADIL BOOK in every home. Over one million readers of "John Bull" will see this advertisement. I ask every one of you to get a copy of the YADIL BOOK, sent free in return for the postcard enclosed with every 6 oz. and larger sizes of 'Yadil.' Read it carefully and learn how to safeguard your health and that of your family from all infections.

Alex Clement

MEDICAL REPORTS

INDOLENT ULCERS.
Your annotation on the use of 'Yadil' prompts me to write that I have found it most useful when employed as an ointment to what is called an "Indolent Ulcer." I have used it for the last two weeks in a case of this kind and the improvement it has caused after failure from other applications is most marked. I have seen my patient yesterday and the Ulcer has quite healed. —M.R.C.S., L.S.A.

CYSTITIS.
Some time ago I wrote saying I had a bad case of Septic Cystitis which had resisted all medicinal as well as local treatment, including washing out the bladder with antiseptics. I decided to try 'Yadil,' and was astonished to get the patient absolutely cured before an ounce and a half of 'Yadil' had been taken in doses of 40 minims thrice daily. The patient has had no relapse, and it is now fully 12 months since the cure. Another case has also given way to 'Yadil' after being tried with a great variety of the older remedies. I must say that it appears to be one of the few internal antiseptics that reaches the bladder with antiseptic properties unchanged. As a urinary antiseptic it deserves wide recognition.—M.B., C.M., D.P.H., M.O.H.

OBSCURE SEPTIC CONDITIONS.
Please forward Drs. —— one half gallon 'Yadil.' We are finding that it is superseding all other drugs in the treatment of obscure septic conditions.
—M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

PREVENTS COMPLICATIONS.
I have much pleasure in stating that I consider 'Yadil' very valuable in the cases of influenza in which I have tried it.
It reduces temperature rapidly and undoubtedly prevents chest complications.—M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

SPECIFIC IN INFLUENZA.
I have now much pleasure in stating that I have tested your preparation 'Yadil' in influenza more particularly, and I have formed the opinion that it is *absolutely specific* in this disease. —M.D., C.M.

TUBERCULOSIS.
I have much pleasure in stating that I have found 'Yadil' of great value in the treatment of a case of advanced pulmonary tuberculosis. I attribute the benefit to its antiseptic properties.
—F.R.C.S.I., L.R.C.P.

PSILOSIS.
It may interest you to know that I have been using 'Yadil' with great success in Psilosis.
—O.B.E., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

TUBERCULAR ABSCESS.
I have treated a woman of 28, suffering from tuberculosis, with tuberculous abscesses, and who was very debilitated. The abscesses were opened, drained and syringed with boric acid, the patient put on 'Yadil,' and in six weeks all the abscesses were healed. She had put on one stone and looked well and healthy, and continues so after 18 months.—M.D., F.R.C.S., D.P.H.

ANÆMIA, PERNICIOUS.
I will send you presently further facts concerning the most extraordinary result of 'Yadil,' in a case of Pernicious Anæmia given up by doctor and hospital as incurable. I thought myself the man was dying, gave him 'Yadil' as a happy thought a fortnight ago. The man to all intent was dying from persistent vomiting, etc. To-day have taken him with me. Drove in a car. He had a good colour. Walked home a mile. —M.O.H., M.D.

PHTHISIS.
Please send me half gallon 'Yadil' per return, for which I enclose cheque. I am getting most satisfactory results in a case of phthisis pulmonalis in a girl of 19. Since taking 'Yadil' she has put on "flesh" (as her people say) at the rate of ½ of a lb. per week. The cough has gone, as have the night sweats, and the appetite is excellent.—L.F.P.S. (Glas.).

'Yadil' is prepared by Messrs. Clement and Johnson Ltd., Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C. 1. Obtainable from all good chemists and stores (including all Branches of Boots and Taylors Drug Stores) 2 oz. 1/-, 6 oz. 3/6, Pint 9/6, Quart 17/-. There is no card for the book with the 2 oz. or pocket-size, only the larger sizes. Read THE YADIL BOOK carefully before commencing any antiseptic treatment. Get 'Yadil' Antiseptic in original packages, in amber bottles, wrapped in a cora-coloured wrapper, with name, size and price plainly printed in black letters. Be sure you get 'Yadil' from your chemist, as orders by post are more costly to you, the postage being 9d. for the 2 oz. size, 9d. for the 6 oz. size, 1/- for the Pint, and 1/3 for the Quart.

'Yadil' is not a drug, medicine, tonic, or food, but solely a harmless vegetable antiseptic which destroys within the body disease germs and food poisons without injury to cell tissue.

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

PHYLLIS (Banbury).—"Are matches really made in heaven?" No, in Sweden, Czecho-Slovakia and elsewhere. It is marriages you're thinking of.

B. A. (Clacton).—"I object to Magistrates being paid." So do most people when it's a fine!

FARM LABOURER (Norfolk).—"This farming strike strikes me as very serious." A striking comment.

AMATEUR (Birchington).—"Most people are flattered by their photographs." It is very desirable in many cases.

S. K. (Dover).—"The Communist tail seems to wag the Labour dog." Don't be too sure; "seems" is such a tricky word.

UNSATISFIED (Bolton).—"My boss doesn't pay me the right money." That's funny—ours is always right. But only just.

S. W. (Perth).—"Is there any reason why one should not live to a hundred?" None, except that one usually dies before then.

LYRIC (Tooting).—"I have written some poems. Can you tell me where to go to with them?" Yes, but we're too polite.

UGLY DUCKLING (Lewes).—"Can you answer this riddle: why am I like a donkey?" Easy: because you were born like it.

J. M. P. (Cowes).—"Your paper is, on the whole, very readable." We would say the same about your letter, but truth forbids.

SPEED MERCHANT (Kew).—"Our speed regulations are antiquated and ought to be abolished." As ought the average speed merchant.

EQUALITY (Bridgnorth).—"What I say is, that what's good for women is good for men." With minor exceptions, you are undoubtedly right.

T. P. R. (Pimlico).—"Our suburb is simply one mass of intrigues." We have always believed in its essential morality: another illusion gone!

WILLIAM (Manor Park).—"Last night I got Glasgow beautifully on my crystal wireless set." Maybe, sonny. But you're not going to get *us* on it.

MISS T. R. (Devizes).—"I should hate to think you did not want to read my letters." As a matter of fact, dearie, our life holds no more ravishing delight.

TRUE BLUE (W. Hartlepool).—"It is curious that our Government does not take steps to suppress all this Bolshevism in Russia." The ideas some folk have of the functions of a Government are still more curious.

NOVICE (Balham).—"How do the best writers get their ideas?" Ours just come to us.

JOS. M. (Roehampton).—"The world is drifting rapidly to its doom." *Do* make an effort to be cheerful.

J. A. L. (Croydon).—"Some puns on this page are not worth a cent." And some are worth a five-pun note.

A. J. R. (Trowbridge).—"Is there a yearlings' race?" No! But horses must be entered for the Derby when yearlings.

JOHN (Devizes).—"My sweetheart is one in a thousand." And when you've won a *Bullets* £1,000, she'll be nicer still to you.

MCTAVISH (Glasgow).—"Most people fail sadly when they try to be funny." A very old complaint from your part of the country.

UNLUCKY (Walworth).—"I can assure you that falling from the top of a 'bus is very painful." No, it is the stopping that hurts.

MAN OF MOODS (Shoreham).—"I am always most cheerful in the early morning." If you mean the very early morning, this is by no means unusual.

C. A. R. (Swindon).—"The passion for getting rich quickly is an infallible indication of decadence." Then mankind has been decadent throughout all the ages.

PAINTBRUSH (Chorley Wood).—"Is it a fact that the best painters have all been rejected by the Academy?" It may be so; but not all painters who are so rejected are great.

A FATHER (Dorking).—"Do you agree with the present method of teaching children to write?" Judging by the caligraphy of most of our correspondents, it cannot be worse than the old method.

REDUNDANCY (Mill Hill).—"One of the commonest and most frequent errors in English is the superfluous and unnecessary use of words." True. Your sentence is a shining and brilliant example.

JAY COB (Holmes Rotherham).—"In colour and cover JOHN BULL is like an e g—full of the stuff to administer." Thank you. You don't specify the kind of egg, but we feel sure you are being complimentary.

A. S. D. (Gloucester).—"Don't you find it difficult to answer so many and varied questions each week?" Not as a rule. We confess, however, to being a little puzzled over inquiries on such matters as the ethical code of blackbeetles.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

STICKLER (Arbroath).—"Should the West Indies be 'is' or 'are'?" "Is" is correct.

OPEN AIR (Highgate).—"I never wea gloves, and I have a splendid circulation.' Greetings, brother!

LEGHORN (Chertsey).—"My chicken laid yesterday for the first time in six months." Good egg!

BARBARA (Middlesbrough).—"Father says that 16 is too young to get married. What do you think?" We agree with father.

PUZZLED (Denbigh).—"Why are pillar boxes always painted red?" What more appropriate colour in view of their contents?

PURITAN (Newington Butts).—"I do not approve of such statues as that of Venus de Milo." Let the poor creature alone: she's very 'armless.

KAY ESS (Woolwich).—"Will there ever be an absolutely equal distribution of wealth?" Not until there is an equally equal distribution of brains.

CENTRE FORWARD (London, S.W.).—"Our minister says that it is sinful to play soccer on Sundays." Your minister is a miserable old mugwumps.

T. W. P. (Bangor).—"Is there a word which rhymes with orange?" The 11 p.m. pronunciation of "lozenge" is the nearest we can think of.

LONG SUFFERER (Longsight).—"I have a very wide mouth, and when I smile this affliction becomes exaggerated." If you will grin, you must bear it.

B. J. W. (Macclesfield).—"I would like to see wireless sets installed in every public-house." In other words, you would like to make them all listening inns.

LOGICIAN (Musselburgh).—"All the evils in the world arise from the non-observance of the Sabbath." We should like to know your particular system of logic.

PARENT (Stourbridge).—"I wish to protest against the present exorbitant price of baby carriages." That's a new one on us, but your protest has been duly noted.

SALOON BAR (Holborn).—"Can dashes properly be called marks of punctuation?" Of course; except when used to indicate the omission of improper language.

UNLETTERED (Kettering).—"I wanted to ask you who wrote a certain poem, but I can't remember the words." We fear this will be necessary before even we can tell you.

THE ANGLO-DUTCH BULB SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, 85, George Street, Croydon, wish it to be stated that they have no connection with the Anglo-Dutch Bulb Company whose methods we lately criticised. And a good job, too.

MRS. S. (Haggerston).—"I can be very sarcastic when I like, so be careful." All the staff have been duly warned.

ANTI-SNOBBERY (Hastings).—"Does it matter who one's ancestors were?" Of course not; they're all dead.

CROAKER (Edmonton).—"I was once persuaded to sing in public, but never again." Have you still got the scars?

LYRIST (Brentford).—"I often say that ne'er a day shall pass away without a ray of sunshine gay." Oh go and play!

LEAGUE OF NATIONS (Sevenoaks).—"Do let us all get together and be brotherly." Righto! Where shall we meet?

HAL (Brockley).—"Would marriage with my aunt's second cousin be all right?" Not knowing the girl, we could not venture an opinion.

PADDY (Clonree).—"We have to pay 8d. an ounce more for tobacco now." You must regard this as part of the price of Irish independence.

JOHN W. (Wakefield).—"I suppose you think you're frightfully funny sometimes?" No, John—funny if you like, but never frightful.

LIFELONG READER (Kidderminster).—"I try always to speak the literal truth." Then where do you get that "lifelong reader" stuff from?

GRIEVANCE (Wigan).—"Would you mind addressing an open letter to our local publican?" What's the trouble—doesn't he keep a slate?

CRYSTAL (Walthamstow).—"Who invented that mournful medley of unmelodious noises, the jazz band?" We don't know, but it wasn't us.

HORSEY (Epsom).—"There is room for improvement in the nomenclature of some racehorses." There is. Also in the public performances of not a few.

V. E. S. (Manchester).—"Are there any things that money cannot achieve?" Lots. It could not stop our exposures of blackguardism, for instance.

ADAM, T. (London, E.).—"I bear a great and honoured name." Oh, we don't know. Adam wasn't anything to write home about, by all accounts.

J. C. B. (Matlock).—"I would like to live where there is no taxation." It is a thing we shall have always with us, even in the next world—there is a heavy tax on spirits.

J. S. (Walsall).—"Where can I buy a record of the Parliamentary debates?" You can get a copy at any bookseller's; but you can light your pipe with matches just as well.

PROUD FATHER (Mortlake).—"I have great hopes of my son becoming a big man." Feed him up well, don't let him smoke while young, and he ought to grow big enough.

H. N. C. (Shanklin).—"Who was the wisest man that ever lived?" That distinction is usually attributed to Solomon, but his matrimonial habits give us furiously to doubt.

A. C. W. (Cardiff).—"What is meant by a 'dead' language?" One which is no longer spoken, such as Latin and Greek. The term does not include murdered languages, such as English.

GRATEFUL (Northwich).—"The best thing this Government has done is to introduce daylight saving." This would be quite true, only it was in force long before the present Government.

A. J. (Penzance).—"How is it that the old-fashioned 'guinea' still survives, though there is no coin of that denomination?" For the convenience of lawyers, doctors and others who thus scrape an extra bob in the pound.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

JOHN BULL'S FREE HOME INSURANCE GIFT

£250 Death Claim Paid

JOHN BULL has paid £250 to Mr. W. J. Francis, 62, Lime Street, Newport, Mon., in respect of the death of his wife from burns.

Full list of benefits on Page 2 of cover.

Always together!

Never serve rhubarb alone, always with Bird's Custard; then you have one of the most enjoyable and agreeable dishes of the year!

Bird's Custard provides the nutriment which Rhubarb lacks. Its creamy and egg-like nature mellows and refines the "raw, yet real" qualities of Rhubarb.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

Old and young find in Bird's Custard food that refreshes and re-invigorates after the restrictions of Winter.

To-day's prices for all sizes of Bird's Custard: Tins 1/6; boxes 1/1 & 6½d.; pkts. 1½d.

For 5 Guineas down
and 12 Easy Monthly Payments

Every JOHN BULL reader should send for full particulars of this attractive offer which brings the famous universal McKENZIE motor-cycle to your door, complete with all accessories and ready for the road for a nominal small amount down and then easy monthly payments following.

The McKENZIE is the only dependable motor-cycle sold at a price within the reach of everyone. It is not a converted pedal cycle but a soundly constructed motor-cycle built for service, reliability and economical upkeep. The McKENZIE maintains 25 m.p.h. on the level, tops all ordinary hills and costs ½d. per mile to run.

McKenzie

1¾ h.p. Lightweight Motor-Cycle
With all accessories complete for road.

Remember the McKENZIE set up a Record for any standard stock machine from John o'Groats to Land's End under official A.C.U. observation.

Send to-day for particulars or ask your local agent for demonstration

Complete 26 Gns.

Suitable for Lady or Gentleman

Details of arranged payments and catalogue free from:—
GEORGE McKENZIE (London) Ltd., (Dept. J.), 230, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2

GRAVES
OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Overcoatings, Suits, Costumings, Flannels, Blanketings, Mackintoshes, etc., or Catalogues of Furniture, Wool Goods, Drapery, Ladies' & Children's Clothing, Bedford Cellery, Gramophones and Records, Tea & Dinner Services, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sewing Machines, Cycles, Trunks and Cases, Poultry & Appliances, etc. Grand terms EASY

ASTHMA CURE

Gives Instant Relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.

The Standard Remedy for Over 50 Years

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA
Friendly Society. Est. 1843

Profits Divided amongst the Policy Holders.

Claims Paid £16,000,000
Invested Funds... £11,000,000
Annual Income ... £3,000,000

All our Branch Offices and Agents transact National Health Insurance. WM. E. PETERS, Secretary.
Chief Office: 22, ANDREW ST., LONDON, E.C.

New Life Free

to Weak, Weary, Run-down, Nervous, Pallid, Exhausted, Despondent Men and Women. Thyroid GLANDETS assure speedy, lasting restoration of Youth, Health, Energy, Strength, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never Fail. Great Discovery. No Drugs, but life-giving gland extracts. Prescribed by leading Physicians. Free Trial for postcard. Write to-day. Physical Productions Ltd. 97, St. Albans

WESLEYAN AND GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1841. INCORPORATED 1914.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE: BIRMINGHAM.

SUMMARY OF THE EIGHTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT
FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1922.

The amount assured under new policies issued was **£3,452,683.**

The total Income from Premiums and Interest was **£1,033,393.**

The Assets at the end of the year amounted to **£5,082,126.**

The Claims, including Surrenders, paid amounted to **£650,763** making a total of nearly TWELVE MILLION POUNDS paid since the establishment of the Society.

The Valuation disclosed a surplus in each Department, and a Reversionary Bonus at the rate of **£1 10s.** per cent. is added to all with profit policies in the Ordinary Department.

THE FULL REPORT AND PROSPECTUS MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION.

B. SHIRLEY SMITH, CHAIRMAN.

ARTHUR L. HUNT, F.S.S., F.C.I.I. GENERAL MANAGER.

Glasses FREE

On Trial

Simply send your name and address for these Scientifically Ground "True Vision" Glasses.

Send No Money

My large size "True Vision" glasses will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near. They will protect your eyes, preventing eye strain and headaches. They will be sent to you on free trial, so that you can see what a remarkable bargain I am offering. When they arrive, put them on and see with what ease and comfort they will enable you to read, work or sew, see clearly at a distance or close up, by day light or lamp light. Note how easily you can read the fine print in your Bible. You will be amazed and delighted. Sit right down this very minute and fill out the coupon. Mail it at once. Your postman will deliver the glasses to you in a beautiful velveteen lined, spring-back pocketbook spectacle case, postage prepaid—free of all cost.

MAIL COUPON

RITHOLZ SPECTACLE CO., Room 612
2462-2468 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send me a pair of your spectacles on 10 days FREE trial. If I like them I will pay 15/6. If not I will return them and there will be no charge.

Name..... Age.....

Street and Number.....

Town.....

County.....

GET IT FREE!
FREE BOOK OF AMAZING BARGAINS
Send a postcard now for H. Samuel's FREE BOOK
It's packed with the cream of Manchester jewellery offers.
Watches & Plate at cost to Factory Prices.
with lots of splendid gifts for all buyers.
FREE PRIZES
30/-
Diamond Half Hoop 30/-
WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOOK.
H. SAMUEL,
100, MARKET ST.,
Manchester.
POCKET WATCH
Handsome Flat Watch highly polished Nickel Case, reliable jewelled movement, accurately timed and adjusted.
7/6

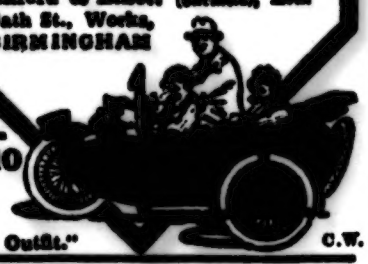
DUNELT

5 h.p. FAMILY OUTFIT

For power, simplicity, reliability and absolute value, the DUNELT cannot be equalled—it will take you and the family in comfort, anywhere, at a minimum cost.

Double Sester Sidecar, either Wide or Tandem type, can be fitted at a little extra cost. Any model on Easy Payment Terms. Write TO-DAY for Catalogue.

Dunford & Elliott (Sheffield), Ltd.
Bath St., Works,
BIRMINGHAM



Outfits Complete from £89:10

"The Ideal Family Outfit." C.W.

A GRAVE WARNING TO WOMEN.

Recent medical experience reveals a grave situation in regard to the commoner of the two Venereal Diseases in women. The more this disease is studied, the more dangerous does it appear. The difficulties of cure are enormous; the complications—and often the operations—of a most serious nature.

While a cure can be effected in many cases by prompt treatment, it is quite likely that the sufferer will serve "a life sentence" if the disease is neglected. In any case the cure is long, difficult and tedious—a few moments of indulgence may be paid for in years of suffering.

It should be remembered that it is almost impossible for a woman to protect her health from an infected man; if he has it, she will get it too. Men who are casual in these matters should reflect that they may be inflicting lifelong misery upon a woman if they give her this disease.

Those who are in doubt or difficulty may write to the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102A, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1, where free information can be obtained in strict confidence.

CEPEA THE CEPEA FABRICS SERGE

This tab on Cepea Serge Shirts & Pyjamas guarantees genuineness and replacement of any garment which fades or shrinks in wear.

Of all hosiers and outfitters at the new reduced prices.

SHIRTS 9/6 (COLLARS EXTRA)
PYJAMAS 19/6

In case of difficulty or substitution please write:—The Calico Printers' Association, Ltd. Advertising Dept., Manchester.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

WHEN THE WEDDING BELLS ARE RINGING

PERCY TARLING AND MISS LOIS BARKER'S HIT.

WORDS AND MUSIC Appear in APRIL 15TH ISSUE.

THE ROMANCE OF BUSINESS

No. 10—HARRODS

"EVERYTHING for everybody everywhere," is the proud motto of this colossus of the retail world—and times without number they have made good this boast. What would have been the feelings of Charles Digby Harrod, who in 1849 opened his tiny grocer's shop in Brompton Road, to serve his restricted and blue-blooded clientele, if in a moment of vision he had caught even a glimpse of the gigantic oak that was to spring from his tiny acorn?

What *could* he have thought of this vast organism employing seven thousand workers, a veritable Palace of Business, which, with its various factories, powerhouses, refrigerators and warehouses, its vast underworld connected by a marvellous network of tiled passages, occupies a greater area than St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bank of England and the Tower of London combined? A well-nigh unbelievable City of Merchandise covering a space in the County of London equal to that of the London Docks, with a quarter of a mile of ground floor windows and an actual trading space of twelve million cubic feet!

Here you may buy anything, from a pin to a palace. Here also you may hire anything you need, whether it be a cup or a castle.

Travel, Banking, Insurance, Entertainment—everything and anything—every material need of life from the cradle to the grave can be satisfied within the magical compass of this amazing firm, many of whose 200 departments are larger than any individual shop in the kingdom devoted to the same purpose.

To enter Harrods is to come into contact not so much with a House as with a Personality. It is an entity with a living soul, cohesive, artistic, satisfying, *complete*. Everything is "just right." The mechanical efficiency of modern commerce is skilfully hidden beneath the veil of this wonderful atmosphere—but the efficiency is there, and all the more effective because it is so unobtrusive.

Two of the most fascinating sections in this House are the Glass and China departments. The one is a veritable Palace of Crystal: the other a living Fairyland of Artistry. Apart from the fact that these are the biggest departments of their type in the world they are a revelation to the discerning eye of the real meaning of the Harrodian watchword—Quality.

SIR WOODMAN BURBIDGE

Sir Woodman Burbidge, Chairman and Managing Director of the Company, is, like the House whose spirit he typifies, "just right." Geniality radiates from him: it does not need a psychologist to say at first sight, "Here is a man of business who is equally a human being." Nor is it any surprise at all to learn that he is as readily accessible to the humblest member of his staff as to his own secretary. The man is made like that. And the effect of such a character is mirrored in his staff.

"The Romance of Harrods," he says, "is simply the story of Imagination, Enterprise and Courage; and the secret that makes Harrods so full of interest is no more and no less than the policy of independent action born of these."

Their Imagination is boundless, their Enterprise unquenchable. "If it exists Harrods will get it for you: if human means can accomplish it Harrods will do it for you," sums up the capacity of this modern edition of the Slave of the Lamp. A day spent at Harrods leaves one almost inclined to believe that it is well within their powers to procure the unobtainable and accomplish the impossible!

TABLOID TALES

No. 1—The Odd Chance

WHEN Janet Langdon married to make home and heaven for John Farnsworth, ex-soldier and blinded, everyone thought it a beautiful romance.

Everyone, that is, except Aunt Martha.

Aunt Martha had always been a bit of a terror to her family. She was an elderly spinster with a sharp nose fond of poking into other people's business. When Janet dared to marry John without so much as a by-your-leave, Aunt Martha pounced.

"Married! And to a blinded man!" she shrilled. "Lass, ye must be fair daft! I'm not denyin' he's learned his trade. But where's your home? Your furniture? Your house linen? Your——"

Janet's face shone with a positive radiance as she looked round the room in which they sat.

"Where are they? Here! Aunt Martha, I've been longing to tell you. A while ago John had a small legacy left him. He insisted on using every penny to pay off Dad's creditors. Now that Dad is dead, all this, every stick, is *ours*!"

Her voice rang triumphantly on the last word as she reached for and lit the old-fashioned lamp.

Then lifting it up she walked towards the door.

It was the one chance in a thousand, but it happened. It happened in a moment. A foot caught in a ruffled rug, a fall—a crash—and a horrible rush of oily smoke and flame that spread with sinister swiftness.

In a few hours only the blackened shell remained of what had once been a happy country home.

* * * *

"If this isn't a judgment on a foolish marriage, I'll never speak again," said Aunt Martha triumphantly. "Could anything be worse?"

"Well, yes, Aunt Martha, I think it could," replied Janet.

"You see, I signed and posted the necessary forms to JOHN BULL more than a fortnight ago. That's why John and I have £300 in hand to-day with which to make a fresh start."

Aunt Martha said nothing. For the first time in her life she could think of nothing to say.

After all, what *could* she say?

[*Janet's experience might well be yours. Have YOU signed and posted the forms? Are you insured against the risk of fire—at no cost to yourself? You will find the forms on page 2. Sign and post them to-day.*]

"JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

BULLETS QUESTIONS ANSWERED

THERE can be no better judge of what the public wants than the public itself. And the public has signified approval of our *Bullets* Competition by ten years' continuous support. Such popularity, clearly, could only have been achieved, and can only be maintained, by our policy of conducting the contest in the manner that readers are entitled to expect of JOHN BULL.

In pursuance of that policy we take this opportunity of replying to a few *Bullets* queries which are typical of those often raised by our competitors.

How do you advise a competitor to fill up his Coupon?

Legible handwriting is all that is necessary. *Bullets* may be printed or typed if preferred. In any case, the name should be written in ordinary handwriting. Competitors who ornament their coupons elaborately, mount them on cards, or employ similar methods of attracting attention, do not receive that extra consideration they anticipate.

Are hyphened words and slang phrases allowed in constructing a "Bullet"?

Hyphened words which appear in standard dictionaries, or which are justified by common usage, are allowable. Some competitors, however, hyphen a name like "Lloyd George" or words like "wireless apparatus," but there is no justification whatever for so doing, and they would be reckoned as two words. Ordinary slang in everyday use is quite permissible.

Do abbreviations such as U.S.A., L.S.D., etc., count as one word?

No, they would each count as three words. Abbreviations such as M.P., B.C., etc., would count as two words.

Is any preference shown to regular competitors or registered readers of JOHN BULL?

Most certainly not. No consideration other than the merit of the *Bullets* themselves influences the decisions of the adjudicators.

When is the best time to post "Bullets" entries?

There is no "best time" for posting. All entries received in time for adequate consideration are judged with the same thoroughness. We would add that a competitor is well advised to allow himself time to construct his *Bullets* without undue haste.

Is it permissible to add any explanatory remarks to "Bullets" submitted, to ensure that the adjudicators will fully appreciate their meaning?

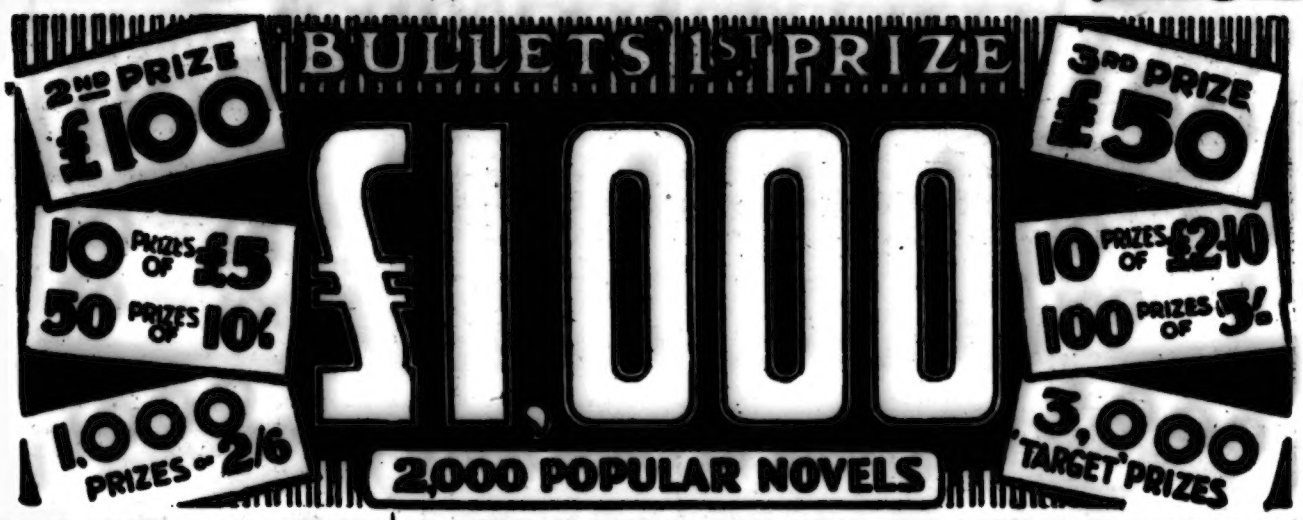
Such explanations or additions are completely ignored. A *Bullet* is considered solely on the meaning expressed in the two, three or four words allowed. Competitors may rest assured that no line worthy of the smallest prize escapes the watchful eyes of the adjudicators.

Does the example chosen have any influence upon the success of the "Bullet"?

The examples are framed with a view to giving the widest possible scope for clever *Bullets*, but competitors must use their own judgment as to which to work upon. It is according to the skill shown in wedding a *Bullet* to the selected example that success will depend. Every example, it will thus be seen, offers the same opportunity of carrying the competitor into the prize-lists.

POSTMAN WINS £500

Mr. J. R. Sutherland, of 4, Allanbank, Bridge of Allan, winner of the first prize of £500 in *Bullets* Competition No. 472, is a postman with 25 years' service in a small Stirlingshire town. His previous best prize was 5s., and fired with the ambition to win a First, he persevered and has thus been well rewarded.



LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 481.

THE BUDGET
UP IN THE AIR
TONS OF MONEY
LONGER DAY
ALL BRITISH
WHEN CLOUDS ROLL BY
BLACK LOOKS
SPRING FASHIONS
HOME, SWEET HOME
A FARMER
SATURDAY TO MONDAY
RAW MATERIAL
SHOWING HER HAND
BEDTIME STORIES
FATHER AND SON
MODERN MARRIAGE
ON THE ROAD
NOT YET
ALONE
A TRIAL
GROWING
ON OUR SHOULDERS
WHAT'S LEFT
CHEAP TO-DAY
COMING ACROSS
IDLE
NEW ROAD
LONELY FURROW
HEALTHY STATE
OPEN OR SHUT
WHAT HE LIKES
UNBORROWED KING
SITTING STILL
WIFE'S DUTY
SMOKING
FIRST WEEK
WISE GOVERNMENT
LOVING COUPLE
WHERE TO STOP
AFTERWARDS

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—MY MISFORTUNE. Bullet:—"GREY MATTER" OUTSIDE HEAD. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 481, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 26.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(481) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, April 26.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(481) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, April 26.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(481) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, April 26.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(481) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 481.

BACK TO SCHOOL—WIFE'S SILK—IN THE SUN—HELP YOURSELF—A HERO—NEXT GENERATION—TIP TOP—ALL THE GOOD—DAY BREAK—YOUNG BROTHER—PAINTING—IN CONFIDENCE—GOOD AND BAD—SHOP ASSISTS—NOT FOR ME—FEELING LONELY—AN EXPERIMENT—TIME TO SPARE—HALF PRICE—EVENING DRESS.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY MAY 3rd. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 481 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 481, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 481.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 472, can now be seen at Messrs. A. Sharples and Co., Ltd., Railway Bookstall, Bridge of Allan, N.B.

Result of Competition No. 479 will be published in next week's issue.

His Nerves Collapsed!

Shell-shock—Nervous Breakdown—he could not work, eat, nor sleep, but Dr. Cassell's Cured him.

Mr. A. H. Churm's Signed Statement:

Mr. Alfred H. Churm, of 8, Bull Place, Dudley Road, Wolverhampton, says:

"During the war I was in the Flying Corps, and was shell-shocked. When I came home I was in such a run-down and strengthless condition that my work—that of an author and journalist—was seriously interfered with. I had no heart for writing, I could not concentrate and creative effort fagged me out.

"When I forced myself to eat, the consequence was severe pain and indigestion. I suffered, too, from a blurring of vision, and worst of all I could not sleep, and I would lie awake, often till daylight. I was afraid to walk in the street, and shrank from the passing traffic. This went on for about two years, but at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I soon knew they were the right thing. In about a month I was in splendid health. Indeed I have never had a day's illness since."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Anæmia, Neuralgia, Debility, Kidney Indigestion, Weakness, Sleeplessness, Children's Nerve Pains, Wasting, Headache, Sterility. Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who Cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If Ruptured, write to day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1763P), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write plainly.

It is not the Liver
It is INDIGESTION
In STOMACH and BOWEL.
CICFA RESTORES DIGESTION

When you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home, it is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes all that trouble, because CICFA restores Digestion.

HERE IS THE REASON

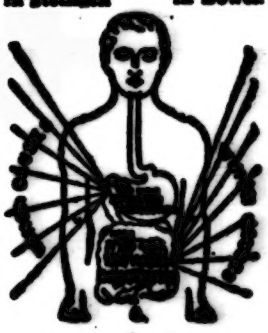
You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, while any remedy which can cure must ensure the Digestive Ferments to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa can do this, because Cicfa gradually restores Digestion along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa ensures digestion of the Albuminous food in the Stomach and the Starchy food in the Bowel,

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS
In Stomach — In Bowel.



GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation. Your Bile Circulation is defective. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel and carried on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel.

Your blood becomes more impure, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring Digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies such as Pepsin, improves the Bile Circulation, checks fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, aids and induces the formation of such Digestive Ferments as Nature requires.

The following, like all our testimonials, was unsolicited:—

Layer-de-la-Haye, nr. Colchester, November 15th, 1919.

"Dear Sirs,—I became acquainted with your Cicfa a few weeks back through a very old copy of 'Smart Novels,' and was able to realise in it the very remedy I required for Constipation and Indigestion, with their attendant miseries. I have had a course of Cicfa and have derived wonderful benefit from it. I only wish I had known of its existence before.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) H. Stanley Bartholomew."

18,000 BRITISH DOCTORS

have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, *you do not need to write for a sample. You can purchase Cicfa and commence using it immediately.*

Sold everywhere, prices 1/3 and 3/-

THE CICFA CO.,
8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W. 1.

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Post Free all over the world, 12s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. For Canada: The Imperial News Co., Ltd., Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver; Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; The American News Co. For America: International News Co., Ltd., and American News Co., Ltd. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshops, at 78, Marche-aux-Herbes, Brussels, and 44, Rue Joseph II., Ostende, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.